The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston December 24, 1921 Chicago

The Shortest Day

Though this be the dead of the year,
The shortest day,
And the sun scarce flaunt his ray
Ere darkness closes,
We know there is naught to fear,
For that spring will again be born,
And the sap that sleeps in the thorn
Awake in roses.
Not a flower of them all shall be missed:
The aconite first will come, and the snowdrop follow,
And hyacinth keep her tryst
In the woodland hollow,
When river and stream are kissed
By the skimming swallow.
But what of the sap that teems
In the stem of the race? O pray
That the pulse of love at its root,
So warm and tender,
May quicken from shoot to shoot
As the life-blood streams,
And blossom, and break from dreams
Into deeds of splendor!

James Rhoades, in the Observer.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 359 Boylston St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

Advertising Rates: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager
359 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. & 60TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

Apparently one good Conference deserves another. (*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*)

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War, in itself and for itself, is the greatest crime in the world, and the glory of victory, pursued for itself, is a crime. This world is made for peace and for work in peace time. The first duty is to work for our people, not to fight. (*Marshal Foch.*)

υ λ

It is not possible to say "the German thinks this or that." There are all sorts of opinions and parties in Germany. The militarist thinks one way, whether French or German, and that is in the terms of force only. The peacemaker likewise thinks one way, whether in France or Germany, and that is in the terms of justice. "It is impossible to say that every one of the sixty-six millions of Germans are guilty," said Dr. Rathenau, in making frank acknowledgment of the guilt of the German militarists. (*Alva W. Taylor, in the Christian Century.*)

υ λ

The day must come when France and Germany will have a peace conference of their own and reach a *modus vivendi* based upon justice, directed toward fellowship, and not implying that Germany alone is a sinner while France thanks God she is not like other nations and particularly this German publican. Both France and Germany are historically involved in guilt for their ancient feud. No such peace terms as those pharisaically conceived at Versailles will settle this feud and bring security either to France or Germany. A Christian peace, that is, a peace which looks not backward to find grounds for punishment, but forward to find grounds for reconciliation and redemption—such a peace France herself must some day negotiate with Germany. In that day she will achieve real security, and in that day Europe will find peace. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

We wish Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes would now take another bold step and say frankly: "We have been watching the League of Nations. It is a success. All we wish to do in co-operative endeavor can be better done there. If the League will revise its constitution and covenant so we can come in, we will." We believe the nation would be behind them and give them almost unanimous support. But whether that is done or not, the United States has taken a long step toward participation in world affairs and toward permanent association with the nations of the world. (*Christian Work.*)

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THE
Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 103d Year | New Series | Vol. XXIV No. 51

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

Christmas is the birthday of potential humanity.

* *

Universal happiness can not be until you are happy.

* *

At this season turn the corners of your mouth upward!

* *

The house in which we live too well is on the road to the hospital.

* *

The Good Tidings of Great Joy should not be sung as a dirge.

* *

The boastful man must first deceive himself before he can deceive others.

* *

Get the key for your Christmas singing from the angels of Bethlehem rather than from the discords of men at war.

* *

Wash off those lines of care and anxiety you have been wearing and deepening and give your smiling nature a chance.

* *

When we balk at universal service and draw social and racial lines, let us not forget that Christmas is the birthday of a Jew.

* *

Once a minister tried to wash a crow and make it white; he did not succeed, but he preached a great deal better afterwards.

* *

No matter what you think, you are a different man or woman on Christmas day. Why is it, and what is it? Just think it out.

* *

Some way that little inn in Bethlehem where there was not room for the Christ, seems very like in its management some modern taverns.

* *

That little Babe lying in the manger has proved mightier than all the kings and kaisers who have sought and fought for world-conquest, for the world is to be his.

The small coin in the empty contribution plate makes more noise than the large bill on top of the pile; it may also represent proportionate generosity, and serve to pay the minister's income tax!

* *

As we read the conventional Christmas story we wonder what the poor, miserable and hungry-of-heart rich people would do for enjoyment, were it not for that poor little starving baby down in the slums or up in the attic, who gives them the one opportunity to express a bit of the Christmas spirit!

* *

THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN

PERHAPS the worst pest of the present industrial order is the snarling, indolent, irresponsible "walking delegate."

Wherever he can gather little groups of working folk he endeavors to make them feel sorry for themselves for having to work every day. In these days his audiences are usually small despite the many out of work, for indifference has depleted the attendance at these meetings even as it has cast its blight upon church congregations. His remarks usually sound like the "wail of the inefficient," and it is not uncommon for the more intelligent members of his audience to seek fresher air before he is through.

The writer spent ten hours a day beside a machine for the better part of four years as one of the so-called "iron men," and has no recollection of taking his day's work as such dour drudgery. He also recalls that for the most part the men working with him were well contented except when some ne'er-do-well "walking delegate" would come through and irritate them into a momentary dissatisfaction with their lot.

Twenty minutes spent outside almost any modern factory as the men and women come from work will stamp the lie on the attitude taken toward work by the majority of the "walking delegates." Few growls are heard and few sullen faces are seen. Talk of dances and card parties and theaters and poolrooms and clubs and homes, greets the listening ear.

For the most part the attitude of the worker is about the same as when the writer came and went at the call of a whistle. All that is asked is a sanitary place in which to earn daily bread, with not too long

hours, fair working conditions and a wage commensurate to their usefulness to society. Nevertheless, we doubt if the man who is contented to do physical work will stand for the after-war profiteering seen in some places, especially when coupled with unreasonably reduced remuneration for his part in production.

There are enough causes of irritation without the "walking delegate." He is a pernicious pest! He has a distorted mind and his chief delight is in endeavoring to make others as miserable as himself; whereas, should he find the right kind of useful labor for his head and his hands, he would awake to the realization that the happiest man is he who has something worth while to do in the world, so that when the evening whistles blow and the gentle darkness settles over all he can spend a few hours in pleasure or recreation and go to bed and really *rest*.

What a wonderful blessing it would be if America could have a "walking delegate" with the spirit of the one who once pressed the sands by the Sea of Galilee, who would soothe and not irritate, saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden; my philosophy will reveal to you that you, and you only, are the ones to whom I can give rest—rest of body, mind and soul."

And that is not impossible. We recall having read the thought of one who was evidently a devotee of that Carpenter-Teacher of Galilee, for this sane one wrote:

"Is *work* truly the 'yoke of slaves,' or is it the *one* path to joy and freedom?"

* *

FAITH AND FINANCE

SOME years ago, before the million dollar campaign or the Murray Crusade, a Universalist official was trying to tell a layman that the day of larger things in the Universalist Church had dawned. "Yes," said the layman, smiling, "I have just received evidence of it," and from his waste basket recovered an appeal for a cent-a-day pledge. This same layman has since given thousands of dollars to the forward movements of the Universalist Church.

Now, by all means, let us respect and encourage penny offerings from our children and from any others who have only pennies to give. But let us have more than a penny faith in the great body of well-to-do folk who make up the Universalist Church. Whenever and wherever we have had faith to challenge them to do and be their generous best they have more than justified our faith.

For many years we had a child's bank conception of our Universalist resources. It was believed by many and publicly argued by some that if we shook a few dollars out for one cause, there was just that much less for the next appeal. Sometimes one organization or committee would oppose, at least passively, the efforts of another on the ground of a supposed self interest. The result was that we came disastrously near teaching our people to think in penny bank terms, and to believe that a dime or a dollar given for one purpose was an excuse and justification for not giving for any other. Let us once and for all be done with that way of thinking. If the Universalist Church is a cistern it is hardly worth the machinery to pump it dry. If it is a river of life, the deeper and wider we make our channels, the more living water will flow through them.

* *

UNDERSTANDING FELLOW UNIVERSALISTS

IF a minister or layman, in any church, says we must redeem society as well as the individual, some one is apt to reply, "Then you do not believe in saving the individual."

If he says, "We should have a social program as a church," some one says, "Then you don't believe in old-fashioned praying Christianity."

Is this Universalist?

The truth that "all things are ours" is very hard to put over even among professed Universalists.

Because one man urges "applying religion," the next man should not say, "You are all wrong; *get* religion," but he should say, "Supplementing that fundamental truth, I want to urge the thing which underlies it and goes with it."

Because a man has a sermon on "faith" does not mean necessarily that he does not believe in "works." It means that at the particular time he is talking on another subject.

Twenty years ago at a Universalist Convention a speaker said: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the earth." The next man said: "He had it all wrong: God's in His earth, all's well with heaven." The first man was trying to make the young people see the glory and joy of faith in God. The second man wanted to bring out the truth that we are "laborers with God." He ought not to have contradicted the first man. He ought to have "played the game" and taken the ball where the first man gave it to him.

"Economic truth," said a speaker, "is truth as much as spiritual truth. Spiritual structures rest on economic foundations. People starving can not grasp beautiful sermons." "No," says the other man, "this world will be saved only by spiritual truth—not economic truth."

Why should we not say "*all truth?*" Is not this the Universalist contention?

"There is a new social morality. You can kill a man," as Jacob Riis put it, "with a tenement house as well as with a gun."

"No," says the other man, "we must get back to the eternal verities of sin and salvation. It all comes back to the relation of each individual man to God."

The second man states a fundamental. Why need he preface it with "No?" Why does he not see that we are responsible for our acts *both* as units and as collections of units, both as individuals and as parts of a nation?

"Contradicting" is necessary and important sometimes, but clearer thinking will show that "supplementing" can often take its place.

Unquestionably over emphasis on one truth makes us all want to state the other truth. That is a real service if it does not exclude the first truth.

If one is everlastingly saying, "Do something," another can help things and help him by saying, "Believe something and the doing will come along faster and better."

We all need to know more and to think we know less. We all need to help one another and, above all, to "play the game."

A Philosophy of Life

Dean James S. Stevens

I SUPPOSE there are very few of us who have not at one time or another devoted more or less consideration to the improvements we would have tried to make if we had been consulted in the scheme of creation. Sometimes it appears that very little regard has been paid to the comfort of human beings in the general scheme of things. Questions naturally arise in our minds regarding the reason for these things, and we wonder if a truly benevolent Creator could not have arranged matters a little differently and much more in accordance with the needs and wants of humanity. This is an old problem. The origin of evil was considered many years ago by the author of the book of Job, and I do not think for a moment that this subject has been settled or is likely to be settled in the near future. Before developing the topic which I wish to discuss, I want to lay down a fundamental proposition that if we believe in a Divine Being who is at the same time all powerful and truly benevolent, it must follow that everything in the created universe has been arranged for the ultimate good of all concerned. This is by no means equivalent to stating that evil and pain and ignorance and crime do not exist, but that in the long run we seem to be shut up to the conclusion that if there were a method which could be regarded as an improvement upon the present it would certainly have been employed.

The human being differs from the lower animals in that he comes into the world helpless and defenseless. The three essential pre-requisites for the well-being of the human race are food, clothing, and shelter. The young animal either does not need these at all or he is able to obtain them with little or no effort. From the cradle to the grave man is obliged to struggle for the things which are necessities. Do we not sometimes raise the question whether it would not be very much better if we too could have our food for the gathering and our clothing and shelter as easily as it is obtained by the lower animals? Do we sometimes think that it would be much better for us if we could have a perfect physical development without putting forth the slightest effort to obtain it? Ingersoll, you will remember, asked why God did not make health contagious instead of disease.

Then when we come to the realm of the intellect do we not often wonder why it is that the best things in the world are always kept under lock and key? Why is it that we have to spend so many years in rigorous intellectual activity before we can begin to reap the fruits of scholarship? It might have been possible for us to have been so constructed that intellectual ability could be fed to us with a spoon like our daily provender. It might have been possible so to have arranged affairs that the intellectual development which is supposed to accompany the college curriculum could have been obtained in a few moments with little or no effort on the part of the recipient.

Turning to matters of a moral and religious character, have we not wondered why it is so easy and alluring to be bad and so difficult and sometimes so repellent to be good? We certainly could have been made with no tendency toward evil, with no temptations to overcome, with no moral responsibility whatever. Would it not have been a wise and kind thing for the Creator to make us in such a manner that physical and mental and religious development could have come to us without any effort whatever on our part?

Now if we consider that this world was made by a Being who had it in His power to make it on whatever plan He chose, and who at the same time was truly well disposed, are we not obliged to believe that the present way is the best way, and that it is only because of the narrow limits of our vision that we are not able always to comprehend perfectly this fact? It is very easy for us to see that in the physical world no development has been produced without struggle. The people who live in the equatorial regions where food is abundant and where clothing and shelter are minor considerations, have contributed little or nothing to the progress of the world. It is only those who dwell where struggle is necessary to obtain the means of comfortable subsistence who have accomplished anything worthy of notice. We are accustomed sometimes to think that the driving of our first parents out of the Garden of Eden was a curse. It seems to me that it was the greatest blessing that ever fell to the lot of the human race. If our first parents had realized what a boon they were bestowing upon their descendants they would have walked out of the Garden with heads erect, with countenances suffused with glory, and ever after they would have cherished the serpent in loving remembrance.

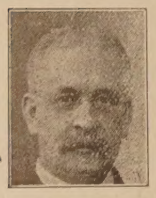
Referring to intellectual considerations, it is equally obvious that we never should have had any scholars worthy of the name if learning had been a divine gift. From the very nature of the case it is the struggle for intellectual attainment that produces the intellectual attainment.

Most people, I think, will readily agree with the positions taken up to this point, but it may be a little more difficult to follow when I take the next step and say that it is quite probable that such moral and religious and spiritual development as exists in the world to-day could have been secured by no other condition of affairs. The boy who is tied to his mother's apron-strings and who is sent to a private school because he is too good to play with other boys, grows up to be a milksop without physical or mental or moral stamina. Just as we should have been a race of weaklings if we had continued to dwell in the guilelessness and simplicity of Eden, so I think we shall sometime come to see that it needed the struggle and temptations which have always beset our pathway to give us whatever of spiritual development we may now possess. There are those who would like to deny the existence of pain and evil of every sort. When pressed for reasons why they should make this denial, in the last resort they tell us that evil can not exist because God, who is a benevolent being, could not have created it. It seems to me that they lose sight

of the very important fact that only by physical effort and intellectual labor and a constant struggle with sin do we reach the development that was intended for us. Those people confound knowledge with learning, inertia with robustness, innocence with virtue. To say that a man or woman is innocent is no compliment. It simply means that they have never come into contact with situations which try their characters. To say that they are virtuous means that they have stood the test of hard experience and have prevailed. A man may never have made a mathematical error in his life, and yet he may know nothing of the great science of mathematics.

This philosophy of life here developed ought to give young men a sane outlook upon their life work while they are just starting at its threshold. Let us not be deceived by the false philosophy that everything in life is good. It is not true and ought not to be true. Rather let us take the advice of St. Paul when he said, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy strength," or of Joshua, "Be thou strong and very courageous." In any condition it is of the greatest value that we should know and fully appreciate the resources of our antagonist. The man who shuts his eyes to the hard things of life, who minifies or dreams them out of existence, fails to develop the strong character which is worthy of a completed man. He who like the Son of God goes forth to war—to war on physical inertia, on ignorance, and on sin—will surely gain a kingly crown.

Editorial Correspondence



GENTLE reader—and any other kind—I left you rocking in the cradle of the deep for a whole week, and I am wondering how you liked it. From my point of view it was salutary. If it were possible to declare a holiday—*a la* Disarmament Conference—from all human activities for a week, and give God a chance, we should have a better and a happier world; but with the hectic fever of "get and get there" upon us, we interfere with about everything normal, and then when we get ourselves into trouble we are quick to pray for help to get out. Of course we did not actually lie there off the coast of Northern Florida at all, but, like the time between the acts on the stage, a week is supposed to have elapsed. Almost anything might have happened during that time, but, as a matter of fact, on this commonplace journey, nothing did happen that was not in harmony with what ought to be. Few people know it, but such periods are times of genuine enjoyment.

We had shed our heavy clothing, over and under, and it was glorious to sit there on the deck as the ship plunged on into the moonlight. And the chief engineer, by proxy, kept the fires going below, and the captain, by proxy, up in the pilot house kept us on our course and away from the shallows of danger. We did not think much about either, though they were very charming gentlemen; we did not think of them at all in their official capacity; we in our ignorance just trusted those men whom we had never seen before, and might never see again, and in perfect peace dozed in our steamer chairs and later in our berths, through the moonlight, and the later darkness, to waken with the ship tied to the wharf at Key West.

So does the steamship with its load of human souls seem more and more like this big world plunging on through daylight and darkness, through storm and sunshine, through the commonplace and the spectacular, through good and evil, while we are sitting on the deck all unconscious of the forces below that are keeping us on our way, and the force above guiding us to our destination. When the test comes there are many who put entire trust in the human forces and are agnostic about the divine. That is, they are in the sense (not sensible) stage of development when their lives are bounded by what they can see and touch.

It so happened that a traveling evangelist came on board at New York, to distribute literature, and he said our captain was the best captain sailing from that harbor, he neither swore, smoked nor drank, and he prayed; and then one who was as an heathen man remarked, "That is all right, but can he sail a ship?" We never discovered his theological virtues, but he made a record voyage and put us into Key West ahead of time. Perhaps there is no real conflict between religious virtues and "sailsmanship" when they are properly balanced.

There was a man on the ship who knew everything—at least he assumed he did—and he was a pessimist. He thought we might arrive safely, but had his doubts, and as for the world, especially for America, he was sure we were headed for the demnition bow-wows, and had figured it out that within a month the great overturning of every thing social, commercial and political was going to begin in New York City and would spread throughout the world. Now his month is almost up and, so far as we can learn at this distance, New York is still on the map, has passed through an election and has re-reformed itself in the same old way, and the riots, murders and sudden death are indefinitely postponed! The only sufferer so far is the discredited prophet. I sat and listened as he poured forth his tale of woe, and then I said, "Did you ever see a more glorious bit of moonshine than is making that silver track across the sea and falling across this ship?" And he left me in disgust as a frivolous and foolish and feeble-minded back-number!

But there was more wisdom in the waves lapping against the side of the ship, and the moonlight picking up the islands one after another, and showing the palm trees in silhouette, and opening the doors of our imagination to the beauties that are and the joys that are to be, than in all his mouthings about that of which he knew nothing, and about which we cared less. If there is going to be a cataclysm, it will not be stopped by any flood of words which ever issued from the mouth of the man with a bug!

It was a night to be remembered—to sail through that summer sea, and then to wake at the jumping off place of our southern boundary, and find we had time to explore the city of the almost-Havana cigar without the duty thereon! It does not take long to see and do Key West. Years ago when I was there I explored

it in a little carriage with a proportionately little horse for motive power; this time civilization, as embodied in the automobile, had arrived, and we sped over the same track, for the city has not changed greatly, the only real difference I could discern with the naked eye being that the first time I discovered Key West it cost me a dollar, and this time it cost me three! The one exhibit which then and now commanded my interest was the biggest banyan-tree in America, and as long as this ancient visitor from India continues to abide and send down its roots from the spreading branches, Key West will be worth a visit.

It is worth a visit, too, for the sake of getting out of it over the wonderful "Overseas Railroad," which skips over the big and little keys for nearly one hundred miles, until it steps ashore on the main land of Florida. Mr. Flagler was a great man to think of doing such a thing, knowing it would not pay. He did it for the love of adventure and the glory of doing big things; he had his fun and left his stepping-stones way across the sea for the rest of us. But he was not the earliest builder of that sort of thing. Perhaps there were others besides me, but I well remember when from stone to stone across the brook I laid the planks for my world to cross. But he with colossal vision stretched his bridge across the sea, and we of a later generation came over it to Miami.

F. A. B.

Ku Klux Klanism

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York

I TREAT Ku Klux Klanism as a portent and not merely as an organization, for that it is and as such it is most grave. It is a serious thing for America that half a million men can be brought together in this way, bound by the bond of hatred fused by the purposes of ill-will. The statement is made that Ku Klux Klanism has flourished and grown since the exposure was made. This is false. But, even if it were true that for a time, as a result of the publicity Ku Klux Klanism has secured, there has been a growth of membership, still was the disclosure necessary and inevitable. If it be true that Ku Klux Klanism has prospered since the disclosure, then reasonableness is out of business in America. At times certain types of evil and wrong-doing may prosper temporarily as a result of publicity, but in the long run the effect of exposure is bound to be wholesome and tonic and vitalizing. It is a false cry that is uttered by those who are always fearful of publicity and frankness—namely, that evil is furthered by frank exposure thereof.

By some it will be said that Ku Klux Klanism is merely a war phenomenon or one of the many depressing post-war phenomena. The question, however, is whether it is morally wise or just to attribute everything evil to the war. Is it not true that, if there were not a capacity for the spread of Ku Klux Klanism, this tremendous thing could not have arisen and spread overnight in all its pestilential fury as it has? True it is that war did much to stir up hatreds and prejudices and animosities. The fact is that antagonisms and prejudices which once were ashamed of themselves seem to have derived new and undreamed-of sanctions. This is one of the degradations of war—that hatred has a new standing in polite society, that men are as proud of their hatreds as of their loves, and that people not a few are prepared to amend "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" to "Thou shalt love some neighbors as thyself, and thou shalt hate other neighbors as the devil."

Ku Klux Klanism is an American problem, for it is a great anti-American organization. That Jews are among those groups made the objects of hatred on the part of Ku Klux Klanism is incidental and secondary in importance, compared with the primary fact that it is an organization resting upon hatred, building upon prejudice and making for divisiveness and enmity. Back of all its miserable capitalization of race prejudice and all its sordid exploitation of the worst instincts of humankind, there lies one thing that makes much of it possible, and that must be eradicated from the life of the American people. I have reference to the feeling of great numbers of Americans that there is no crime quite as grave as that of otherness or difference. The tolerance of *otherhood* is not a matter of charity or luxury in American life, but one of the inexorable necessities of our American tradition of inter-racial hospitality and good-will. There can be no dream of brotherhood as long as there is not a gleam of tolerance for otherhood. The business of Americans is not to learn how to assail or break one group within the body politic, but to learn to live together despite differences and diversities.

The Ku Klux Klan purports to be a fraternal order and calls itself clan or fraternity. When will the average American be sober and mature enough to understand that he is not to accept names and words as substitutes for things, and that an organization is not to be looked upon as fraternal or brotherly because it calls itself brotherly, that its sin against the spirit of America is the deeper if it usurp the holy name of brotherhood?

I protest against the un-American and anti-American character of Ku Klux Klanism, and I feel reasonably certain that many of the men who have become members or followers thereof are not conscious of the anti-American force of this entire conspiracy. They know there can be no America worthy of the name in which a considerable part of the population is banded together in bitter and relentless ill-will as against every other part. And the first thing of importance to remember with respect to this organization is that it is anti-American. This is alike its indictment and condemnation. Whatever else it is or is not, it is contrary to the spirit of America, violative of the deepest convictions of America, and subversive of those ideals of good-will and fraternity among Americans upon which our republic rests. Ku Klux Klanism could not have thriven as it has, had it not been for such furtherance and encouragement as have come from a growing tendency in American life, the tend-

ency by one group or another to appropriate the name American and to deny it to others. It is a part of a new intolerance and inhospitality of which America must free itself if America is to endure. Let us have an end of the spirit which limits the possession of America to any group of Americans. If the American ideal is to possess all of us, America must become our common and undeniable possession. I am not an American by virtue of any man's or any group's tolerance. I am an American because of my father's will and my own, because of that American genius which offers America to me as a shrine.

Perhaps the most regrettable aspect of the problem is that Ku Klux Klanism rests upon and grows out of a thing that is new in the conscious life of the American people. That new thing is fear. It tokens mental disorder and aberration. Back of it lies a state of phobia. Public security is never assured by private fear and the things which fear does. As for the remedy, it will not suffice to declare: Let the law take its course. Where there is overt lawlessness the law must take its course, but legal prosecution alone will not avail to extirpate the spirit of which Ku Klux Klanism is nothing more than a ludicrous manifestation. However heartily the hand of the law is to lie upon the offender, the remedy can come about only through the long-time processes of education and regeneration. The spirit of the Ku Klux must be driven out of the hearts of men. Then and thus alone can it be destroyed and with it, and as of it, the fears and superstitions, the hatreds and the prejudices, which have made this thing to live. Considered as a challenge, and it is a challenge, there is only one thing for Americans to do, and that is to declare that America requires no defense at the hands of fear-crazed citizens and that it will relentlessly smite every weapon of lawlessness out of their hands.

I have used the term Ku Klux Klanism rather than Ku Klux, and not without a purpose. For the spirit of Ku Klux is not limited to any one organization. This wretched thing stands for a moment in the conspicuous center of the stage, but is not the only occupant thereof. Wherever there is lawlessness which masks under the name Americanism, wherever racial antagonism resorts to violence in the name of law, wherever religious prejudice cloaks its shame under the guise of fraternalism, there is Ku Klux Klanism. Let us not lightly point the finger at the Ku Klux and declare: How absurd, how childlike! Let us rather be very sure that we would not and could not be guilty of the same blunder in another form, under another guise, under somewhat changed circumstances. That is the most important thing of all, for we may not be able to cure others of the taint. We must seek to be sure that we remain free therefrom. I have no doubt that this thing, laid bare in all its vileness, will perish, but that is not enough. The important thing is not that this should go, but that none other like it shall arise in its place, that Americans, becoming conscious of the menace of it and beating it back, suffer not it, nor anything like it, to live and flourish again.

America rests upon courage and toleration and lawfulness, and Ku Klux Klanism is a negation of all these things. In a spirit of bigotry, it substitutes violence and lawlessness of its own devising for law and order, and its weapons are those of the coward—concealment, disguise, terrorism. It is not by accident nor by design that Ku Klux Klanism began as an anti-negro conspiracy, that it subsequently included the Catholic Church as one of the objects of its hatred, later the Jewish people, and that in California it takes the form of an anti-Japanese confederacy. All these things are inevitably sequent. One hatred follows upon another and grows out of another, and becomes a habit of soullessness as love is the habit of the soul. America is deeply threatened by Ku Klux Klanism, though the menace has in truth been lessened by the fearless exposure thereof. Ku Klux Klanism, like every anti-American purpose, is bound to perish even as America is destined to live.

The Papers of John Pererin

XIII "By Another Way"

IT is said in the Gospels that the Wise Men after they had been to Bethlehem went back to their own country by another way. It is also said in a parenthesis that they were warned to do so by a dream. But the dream was not necessary. They would have done so in any case. Even if they had gone back to their own country by the old road still it would have been another way. For that is precisely the difference which the Manger makes.

You do not begin to understand the meaning of the Gospel until you realize that it does not aim at making *better* men. It aims at making different men. It does not propose to reform men; it sets out to transform them. Its object is not to improve them; it is to change them. It does not mean to repair the house, but to rebuild it. It does not invite us to turn over a new leaf; it bids us start a new book. Its program is not to patch up broken-down souls or dilapidated characters; it is rather to reconstruct them from the bottom up. Its policy is that of making a new world by making *new* men.

Of course it uses the old material. You are still the same person after you have been through the Gospel mill—the same person, the same self, as before, but with a difference. I read the other day of a saloon which had been turned into a children's play center; the same old building—with a difference. I know of a house which was rebuilt on a different plan, but built with the old materials; still the same house—with a difference. And the grace of God takes hold of you, the old you, with all the old instincts, the old loves, hopes, longings, the same old will and reason and feeling, and builds up with them a new thing, a different thing. You say *I* after as you did before—but with a difference. "I live," you say like St. Paul, "yet not I." It is as though the house had had a new tenant—"Yet

not I, but Christ that liveth in me." It is the supreme miracle of this Child that he communicates his own quality to those who keep his company—and the difference that comes is that you think things with his mind, feel things with his heart, see things with his eye. You still live in the same world; but it has become different. You go back to your country by another way.

To your own country, you observe—to the place which you love most and where you are known best. Many men have supposed that in order to live Christianly, it is necessary to go somewhere else—to go out into the desert or the wilderness or the cloister away from the racket of life—but that is a mistake. For the truth is that, wherever you go, you take your own world with you, and wherever you are, you create your own environment. I have known men who had gone wrong and got into trouble being sent from home, in the fond illusion that they could make a new start if only they were sent into a new country. And occasionally a break with old associations has helped to set a man on his feet. But that is the exception and not the rule. A man who can't make a new start in the place where he is, is incapable of making a new start anywhere else. And the reaction of Jesus upon men is to send them back to the old job, the old round, the old associations, there to live out the new life in the common ways. It sends the cobbler back to his last, the fisherman back to his nets, the doctor back to his consulting room, and the preacher to his pulpit—yet all the time with a difference. For the cobbler's last becomes an altar, and the fisherman's nets a sacrament, and the doctor's office an oratory. The old familiar ways are transfigured by a new light; and things that had grown stale through use and dull through habit receive a baptism of new life. The common dust of life shines like new gold.

Now, what the Wise Men had found at Bethlehem was their true self-hood. They were men who had been devoted to knowledge, to the kind of thing that passed for science in their day. They came to Bethlehem as wise men; they left it as simple men. The guiding star had led them back to the source and base of life—to the manger, bed of a new born Child. And there they were disburdened of their vast sophistications, their ponderous learning, their foolish wisdom; and they worshiped the Child.

They worshiped the Child. Have you ever worshiped a child, any child? If you have not you have never yet *seen* a child. For a child is God's perpetual miracle; in a real and true sense, every child that is born is an incarnation of God. If you have any genius for children at all, you know that you have to be transfigured, to become a wholly different person, if you are to be of the company. You have to come down from the pedestal of your maturity, to shed your adult foolishness, and to be quit of your worldly wisdom, your stupid realisms, and to adapt yourself to another kind of reality. The man who can genuinely unbend to children is not far from the Kingdom of God. Is it not written that except we become as little children we can not enter into the Kingdom of God at all? Our trouble is that, as we grow up, we grow away from the bedrock reality; the seen and the tangible crowd into our minds and hide the things that are unseen and eternal in a darkness that thickens all the time. So we have to retrace our steps to our infancy; and that is why it is good for our souls to make friends with little children. For they help us along, lead us by the hand back into the land of the simple heart.

So the human spirit turns back gratefully to the Child of Bethlehem. It recognizes the call of home, the real world to which we belong and from which we are so far separated. In the miracle of birth, we face a mystery that passes our thought; in the innocence of the child, we face a wonder which shames our consciences; in the sureness of its intuitions we recognize a power of vision which we have lost. We know ourselves to be face to face with God. We stand on the threshold of the Innermost; we recapture our vision of Life—and we go back to our own country by another way.

Help us, O God, ever to be mindful that not many wise, not many mighty, are called, but that Thou hast chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to put to shame the mighty. Give us the mind of the little child, clean, simple, sensitive, that we may not miss Thy word to us; and restore to us the lowliness and the purity of heart to which the gateway of Thy Kingdom is ever open. Amen.

A Great Week

The Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., D. D.

A WEEK which gave to the world the Irish agreement and the "Four Power Treaty," and to that added the promise of agreement on China, may be called a great week. It is difficult to describe the excitement, the joy, the optimism, created here by these great events—experienced, hardened, cynical, though the general attitude may be.

The dinner of the Gridiron Club brought the week to a close. It came the night of the "Four Power Agreement." None of the speeches can be reported, but out of the fun, the frolic, the clever stunts, comes a unanimous verdict that incomparably the best speech was that of Charles E. Hughes. Harding, Balfour, Taft, all did well, but for poise and power, wit, genial humor, self-control and lofty thought Hughes again made a deep impression on all sorts and conditions of men. We seem to be getting back our old Governor Hughes of New York. In those days, we all rallied around him with pride. Then he moved up away from the average man into the Supreme Court. From that he came to the campaign of 1916—"an iceberg," a "poor campaigner," and all the other popular illusions. Now once more he has had his chance and has put his name down on the roll of the very greatest American statesmen.

His chief, President Harding, is entitled to credit for selecting men like Hughes and Hoover. And Harding, it must be said, has made a good impression on Democrats and Republicans alike. Measuring up

to great responsibilities, smaller men often show unexpected resources. With practical experience and common sense, the President has genuine good will. And he must have some size or he would be jealous of the big men about him. It is too early to say how great a success he will make, for the economic problems ahead may ruin him. But most men wish him well. I certainly do, and I write as one who regards Woodrow Wilson with unwavering and unchanging gratitude and devotion.

It is amusing to see how different men regard the "Four Power Agreement."

"Call it what you will," say the Democrats, "it is the League of Nations."

"It is not the League of Nations," say the Republicans, "it is something like the Hague Tribunal."

But the Republicans who followed Wilson, who favored ratifying the Versailles Treaty, to whom the loss of the League was a black day in history, say this, in the clubs and at the dinner tables: "It is the League of Nations, but keep still, don't call it that. It is coming surely, but don't start trouble by reviving old controversies."

There are Democrats here in Washington who voted for the "League" willing to repudiate it, if things shape up so that they can get a winning issue by doing it. There are Republicans who voted against it willing to take it up if it is to the party advantage.

But in Washington and out over the country there are increasing numbers who hate humbug and want realities. They want the United States to finish up things which it starts, to take its share of the hard, dirty work of the world, and to use its great power for world order and peace.

That is why they will be for the "Four Power Agreement" and the coming "Nine Power Agreement."

That is why they will praise Hughes and Harding and Wilson in the same breath.

That is why they will make short work of the politicians who don't guess right.

Progress at Western Headquarters

Louisa L. Magraw

COMING directly to Chicago from that Land of Universalist Churches known as New England, I have learned many things in a short time. One of them is that the trip from Boston to Bangor is not an *event*, to be indulged in possibly once a year, for that distance is no greater than is traveled almost daily by the rank and file in this western land. I know ministers who travel as great distances to reach their parishes. An hour's train travel, which in New England was about as far as I ever went to attend a denominational get-together, would get me absolutely nowhere here. I could not even go from one Chicago church to another in that time, and the Universalist churches within a radius of an hour's ride from the Chicago railroad stations are few enough to be easily counted on the fingers of one hand. Except for the expense entailed, distance is not considered here. As an illustration, Illinois had a splendid State Convention at Galesburg, which is on the western border of the state, to attend which many of the delegates paid car fare of $13 and upwards. But it was a good convention in numbers as well as quality.

Nor have I, with my New England training, yet ceased to feel a thump of the heart and a wish to serve those isolated Universalists who occasionally write me for advice or literature. You may be sure they get the best of which I am capable. What can be worse than this religious isolation? What loyalty and devotion are shown by these Universalists who dare to stand alone for their faith! One of these isolated Universalists had agreed to teach a Sunday school class in a church of another denomination, with the express understanding that she should teach the kind of lessons she wished—and with true missionary spirit she decided on the Universalist lessons.

On my arrival at Western Headquarters, last January, I found the rooms were located in the Community Hall of St. Paul's on the Midway. Two rooms are used, one for the books and supplies, and as an office for the Mid-Western Superintendent; the other for the reception room and general office, being used jointly with St. Paul's Church. Since the opening last January things have progressed steadily, but there is still a long way to go. The stock has been increasing gradually until we are now using a part of a downstairs room for storage purposes.

A splendid spirit of co-operation and assistance exists between the St. Paul's officials, the Mid-West Superintendent and your Western representative, all working toward the accomplishment of a common end —the building and maintaining of a large and successful Universalist Church in this Mid-Western country.

At first the needs were somewhat uncertain, but the demand is such that the stock of supplies is being continually increased, until now almost everything may be obtained from here as readily as from Boston. The stock includes the Murray Sunday School Lessons, all Universalist publications obtainable from Boston, church, Sunday school, and Y. P. C. U. record books, attractive absence cards, birthday cards for children up to five years of age, collection envelopes, class books, Cradle Roll supplies, Y. P. C. U. banners, pins, topic cards and literature, Women's Missionary materials, and a good stock of free Universalist literature.

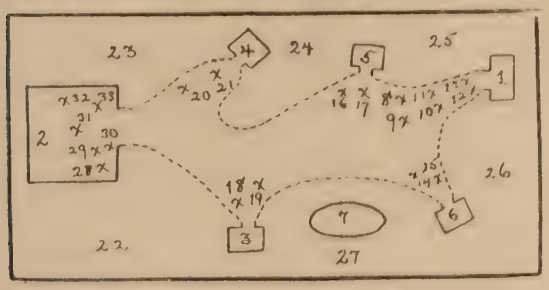
As a means toward helping make this office self-supporting, arrangements have been made so that books or supplies sold by other houses may be ordered through this office and be delivered to the purchasers at the same price they would pay if purchased from the other house, and yet a percentage of the sale will help defray the expenses of the office. In placing such orders it is well to give the name of the dealer from whom you would otherwise have obtained the goods.

With the inspiration of the Detroit Convention still fresh in our minds, let us all press forward to the accomplishing of the big things which it has been demonstrated we are able to do.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

JESUS BEGINNING WORK IN JUDEA



1. Home of Jesus.
2. Temple.
3-6. Houses.
7. Small lake (mirror).
8. Jesus.
9. Mary.
10-13. Disciples.
14-21. People.
22-27. Grass and flowers.
28-33. Money changers.

WHO can tell us anything about last Sunday's lesson? (Get replies as you can concerning the Christmas lesson.) Now what was it that the shepherds heard from the angels that Jesus was going to do? He was going to make the world better and people happier, because he was just going to do all he could to help everybody. Now, there are many other things we could study about between that time and this that we are going to study to-day, but I want you to see Jesus as he is now, grown up to be a young man, doing some of the things that the angels told the shepherds he would do. And some other time we will study about those other things that came in between.

Here is the house where Jesus and his mother and four disciples are staying. (Point to house and dolls.) My, but that word "disciples," that's a big word, isn't it? What does it mean? Why, it means men who liked what Jesus told them about God, their Heavenly Father, so much that they stayed right with him so they could learn more about God, and about how Jesus thought they ought to live. Well, now Jesus and his mother and these four disciples are going to the temple. Now, what do you suppose a temple is? Why, it is what we call a church. Another name for it is "God's house." Let us see these folks go to God's house. (Move dolls indicated to the temple, that is, have the children do this.) Now who can tell me what children should do when father and mother are talking? Yes, they should keep quiet and listen. Why? Because father and mother are older and say things we ought to pay attention to. How many of you have ever seen a little baby? One just a few weeks old lying in a cradle, maybe? Well, you are older than that baby and you know more than that baby, don't you? Well, just like that father and mother are older and wiser than you are. They know more than you do. So you should listen when they speak. But all of us are God's children, and God is older and wiser even than father and mother. So even they should be quiet and listen when they come to God's house.

That is why we go to church, to learn of what God, our Heavenly Father, wants us to do and we can't learn if we're making a lot of noise. Now, when Jesus gets to the temple, what do you think he finds? He finds a lot of men there and these men are making a lot of noise. What do you think they are doing? Why, they are selling sheep and oxen and other animals. Some are selling doves. You see in their service the people had to bring some kind of animal, or a dove, and put it on the altar for God. And these men have forgotten all about this being God's house, because they have gotten so interested in their own affairs.

Now, Jesus knows that men can't learn of God unless they keep quiet. And he knows that folks that make so much noise keep other people from learning from God. So he makes a whip (make a whip of small cord, tied at both ends, or braided), and he takes this (tie whip to hand of doll, Jesus), and he just drives these men out of the temple, so that other folks can have the quiet in God's house that they need so as to learn about their Heavenly Father. (Have dolls moved rapidly out with Jesus behind them.)

Note: This lesson is given in short form. This means that details must be filled in by the teacher, the main points only being given here. This thought that Jesus knew he couldn't teach without quiet should be worked out with its implications. The key-note being reverence, some suggestions might be easily enlarged. First: There is a place for buying and selling, but the place is not the church at time of worship. Jesus does not forbid the buying and selling, but forbids it there when people want to worship. Second: Quiet does not mean long faces, but open ears, quick eyes, and shut mouth, save as we are to take part in the service. Not a place to play. There are times and places for play, but the church at time of worship is not one. Third: Jesus doesn't drive out these men because he hates them, but because they interfere with others, that is they don't play fair. Just as he interferes with them, they have been interfering with others. Fourth: Bad habits, at church or anywhere, grow on folks gradually. These men probably had no thought at first of interfering with worship. Just so children, not meaning to interfere with worship, may begin to play, at first quietly, then, not realizing what they are doing, make more and more noise, because they become so interested in their own play, just as these men became more interested in buying and selling. Any other lesson that suggests reverence.

* * *

DANTE'S FACE

Maria L. Drew

Six hundred years, this calm September day,
And lo, the peace of God has touched the Face!
How young it seems to grow through Death's kind grace—
Half calling back the boy who used to play
About the square in Florence; or the youth
Who dreams and dreams on the Bargello wall;
For grim, austere, the living face withal,
Grown old and scarred in warfare for the Truth.
Sad eyes that gazed beyond the darkening wood,
Past heights of struggle, unto Paradise,
Stern prophet-lips but dimly understood,
Brow worn by loneliness and sacrifice,—
All, all how quiet, with the soul's release
From earthly exile! "In His will our peace."

The Keynote of the Detroit Convention

Richard Hungerford

THERE was far more than one aspect to our Convention, and every aspect had its key-word, so I couldn't give you any one word and say, "Here is the keynote of the Convention." Then, too, I couldn't settle upon one word for the key-note, for I might be biased. So often we hear those things we want to hear, we believe those things we want to believe, we do those things we want to do.

And we must be liberal. That was the keynote of the dogmatic aspect of the Convention. Let us forget the "isms" and perceive only the "Universal" in Universalism. Even as other men have fears and hopes and loves, have they not beliefs—even as you and I? Do they not as truthfully believe their beliefs as you and I believe ours? If they have honestly settled upon their highest convictions, should we not at least be tolerant? Not the tolerance which is synonymous with sloth; not the tolerance which is opposed to work, but the tolerance which is opposed to intolerance, the tolerance which would help, not destroy!

Temporally, too, the Convention had a message. We of the Middle West are so apt to think of our Church as relentlessly going to oblivion between the wheels of orthodoxy and atheism. It is not so. We live to-day, not only in those who proudly bear our name, but in the hearts of millions who have never heard of Universalism. And we shall live if we will have liberality and patience and doing and faith. That is, if we make liberality and patience and doing and faith more than mere words. Don't let us say, "I am liberal," when we really mean we let others live because we can't help ourselves. Liberality implies an attempt to understand the attitude of others, but more than that, an attempt to help others. Don't let us say, "I am patient," when we mean, "I've tried every way to escape doing good; but seeing that I can't I'll do good." Patience means continued effort in the right direction. Don't let us say, "I'm doing," when we mean we have done the things that have bumped into us and we have had to do. Doing means putting one's self out. It means going around the corner to help a fellow instead of letting him beg at your back door. Doing means anticipation of wants. But don't misunderstand what I mean by the word "helping." Sometimes a well-directed kick is worth more than a bushel of kindly words. Don't let us say, "I have faith," when we mean, "I have had to give up, and now I'm willing to fall back on God. I couldn't do what I wanted to do; so now I'll have to do what He wants me to do." Faith means dynamic belief. Faith means having moral courage enough to do what you think is right. Faith means trust in yourself, in your fellow men, and in your God. So we, as a Universalist Church, shall live, I repeat, if we have liberality and patience and doing and faith. And we must live. For, don't you see, we've got something big to give the world. And that is: Do right, not through fear, but through love.

Morally the Convention had something to say to you and me as individuals. It was Dr. Shutter of Minneapolis who said, "Yes, every individual has certain rights, but those rights demand the performace of certain duties." That means, since we have the right of free speech, it is our duty not to slander our neighbors. It means that because we have a right to human happiness, in exercising it we must refrain from interfering with the rights of others.

Inspirationally, the keynote of the Conventtion was: Have faith. Have faith, for through faith comes inspiration.

Thus, to summarize: From our Convention as the dogmatic aspect, be liberal; as the temporal aspect, do good; as the moral aspect, be good; and as the inspirational aspect, have faith.

So we come to the spiritual side. At this Convention, as it must be at every Universalist Convention, the key-word was love. And love includes liberality and good works and good thoughts and faith. So there was a keynote of the whole Convention, a keynote which is simple enough for all to understand yet hard enough to make all have to strive for it. (For it is harder, you know, to love your enemies than to hate them.) And the keynote of the Convention was—love. We may do what we want to do, we may say what we want to say, we may be what we want to be; but let us remember this: We are only as strong as our love, for "love believeth all things, love endureth all things, love hopeth all things."

Comcord, Mich.

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PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Elevator

I DESIRED to see a Man who had an office on the Umteenth Floor of a Tower of Babel in a Great City. And I entered the Building on the Ground Floor and there was a lad in a Flivver that ran from the Sub-basement up on to the Roof. And I entered into his Jitney and waited for him to start. And others entered until the car was full.

And certain of the Passengers Got Off at the Second Floor and Some at the Third Floor and Some at the Fifth Floor and some at the Ninth Floor. And by the time we arrived at the Umteenth Floor I had the Bus almost wholly unto myself; save that the lad who operated the Machine was there also.

Now I tarried in the office of the Man whom I went to see for the fourth part of an hour, for I was busy and he pretended to be; and I did that for which I came, and I pushed the button and the same Airship ascended for to carry me down. And I entered into it and prepared to drop Umteen Floors. But I had no such Experience. For, albeit I started down alone yet was the car full when we reached the Ground Floor. For there were certain that got on at the Eleventh Floor, and others at the Ninth, and divers others at the floors below.

And I said within myself, Behold, there is something to consider in the habit of an Elevator; for when it ascendeth it doth stop and let men out at nearly every Floor, and Taketh but few unto the Top; Whereas when it descendeth it gathereth men from all

elevations, and bringeth them down to one common level, even unto the level of the Street.

And I said within myself, Thus is it in life. As men ascend they measure their own progress upward in Achievement and Virtue, and many are content to dwell a very little way above the level of the Earth, and others attain unto a little greater height and only a few reach the Top Floor of Goodness or Success. But when men descend they tend to reach one common level of failure and debasement.

But the Elevator that I run is Going Up. Please stand thou back in the Car and let us welcome others.

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L'ENVOI

(With the usual apolcgies)

Elizabeth Lee

When Earth's last parish is settled, and the vacancies all are supplied,
When the oldest parson has vanished, and the youngest theologue died;
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,
With never a desolate pulpit to set us to work anew.

And those that preached well shall be happy; and those that were brief shall be glad;
They shall see not a single church supper, and never be tired or sad.
They need never attend a Convention, and never a trip need they take;
There'll be frivolous books in abundance, and oodles of chocolate cake.

No parish committees shall blame them, nor newspaper critics annoy;
They shall sing from a beautiful booklet entitled "The Hymnal of Joy;"
For this is the place they have longed for, where those poor frazzled souls all may say
Farewell to all Ladies' Aid meetings, and do nothing forever but play.

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AN EXPERIENCE

The Rev. Lyman Ward

I have just returned from attending a funeral, some forty-five or fifty miles from here, making the trip by automobile. The case is so interesting that it may be worth while to report it. It is the story of a prominent citizen, who had been arrested for making illicit whiskey, and who, in his great sorrow, had taken his own life. One of his sons was in our school. The whole countryside was aroused and feeling ran high. I took Mr. Fisher with me and all together there were five ministers at the funeral. It is hard to make some men see that the grain or molasses which they can eat or sell in any way they may see fit, can not be made into whiskey if they choose. I have met many men, good church members, who have thus argued with me.

The interesting study in the experience I am reporting is the number of men who took me to one side and told me about their friend, and they all assured me that he was not a sinful man. He was the first to visit the sick, the first to feed the poor, and they told me that his grave was the first grave in the cemetery, which stood hard by, that he had not himself helped to dig. A former pastor of the Baptist church, less than a quarter of a mile away, could not say enough in favor of this friend—one of the best men he ever knew and, though he was not a member of the Baptist church, he thought him a sincere Christian. A prominent Methodist minister was present and took part in the service. He had not known the man, but gave me much hearsay evidence with regard to him, and it was all of the finest kind.

The testimony of the Orthodox ministers, entirely voluntary, was a wonderful surprise to me. I have felt for twenty years that the great heart of the people of the South believed in a good destiny for all. A few days ago, an Orthodox minister preached a sermon on hell and I wonder if even he himself took the matter seriously. I know that some of his people did not. The educated ministry in every denomination is away from this sort of thing. Men are better than their religion, and we are surely in the morning of a new day.

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GODDARD SEMINARY

The work of Prof. A. W. Peirce as principal of Goddard Seminary is so well known to all friends of that institution, that no doubt all readers of an article about the seminary in a recent issue of the *Leader* realized that the omission of his name from the list of principals was one of those unexplainable accidents with which every one is familiar.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

JAN. 1, 1922—THE REVOLT OF JEROBOAM

Taking Advice

Advice is a good thing to take. If it is properly taken both the giver and receiver are blessed in the transaction.

Taking advice is an art. It is an art in which patience and brotherly love and humility all function. It is an event in which there must be no "moaning at the bar."

The use of advice after it is taken requires much wisdom. Advice must be taken to the laboratory. It must be analyzed and its elements weighed and appraised. It matters not where it comes from nor what label it bears, advice must pass through the laboratory. He who takes it raw runs great risk of acute indigestion and violent disorder. He who casts it away unopened often casts away rich jewels.

The young king was ready for advice. He was not unwilling to be advised, but he wanted the advice that endorsed his own ideas. He chose men of his own type and point of view. He needed to be advised by his own type much less than he needed advice from any other and every other type. Those whose point of view was different from his could do more for his breadth than could all the wise men in the world who saw as he did.

It is not easiest to hear those who oppose one's own convictions or desires, or both. It is not pleasantest to converse upon intimate issues with persons whose temperaments jar one's own. It is not most agreeable to read the author who sets up a way with which one is out of sympathy. But these experiences all tend to wisdom.

Rehoboam was a young man. The fires of pride and of passion burned within him. The purchasing power of his kingship flooded his imagination. Speed and luxury and command blinded him with their banners. He was an over-fed boy and not a statesman.

The folly of monarchies lies in the certainty of incapable leadership. The republic may have weak leadership at times but the monarchy must have. Solomon was a wise fool. His son, reared in the bad air of a luxurious oriental palace, had no chance to understand life or value or service or healthy-mindedness.

He knew he needed advice, but he did not know that he needed advice from all the people, and that no advice must be used until it has been analyzed in the laboratory.

The Use of Power

Power is the vehicle that carries one to achievement. The more power the more possibility. Power has but one objective, that is to produce more desirable conditions.

In government power is delegated. It may be delegated passively and slothfully and superstitiously by an unawakened people, or it may be delegated by the intelligent action of a people who have ideals and elect their representatives to carry them forward.

People in the large are not interested in government nor in

the exercise of political power. Eliminate partisan antagonism and all selfish issues, and the people will not make the effort to vote.

Neither will the people permit an arrogant and selfish man to boast his right to exploit them. Some leader will rise out of the populace to express their protest and the people will follow their spokesman. No other will maintain indifference when they become conscious of insolence and injustice.

The people are not always conscious of their power but they always have it, and in the hour of their arousing will find some way to express it.

The one principle most essential in human relations is that respect for one another that undertakes to deal justly. Inequalities of power and rewards are accepted in the best of goodwill, but human nature will surely find a way to revolt against disrespect.

Had Rehoboam respected his people, or at least made a showing of respect, they would have suffered much at his hands without protest. When he arrogantly refused the counsel of those most wise and experienced and openly declared a policy of disrespect and exploitation, then the people were ready to follow any promising leader to throw off this over-lord.

"Brought about by Jehovah"

It is always interesting to make note of what individuals and peoples think is "the work of the Lord." Israel in Egypt said that Pharaoh refused them the privilege of going back to their homeland because "the Lord hardened his heart." In this lesson the record is that "the king hearkened not unto the people, for it was a thing brought about of Jehovah that he might establish his word."

In the New Testament it is said that much transpired in order that prophecy might be fulfilled. Of course the events and prophecies were fitted to each other long after both had happened, and human nature must have been better protected then than now if no carpentering was resorted to to make them fit.

To the modern man it is impossible to believe that God hardened Pharaoh's heart in order that the victory might be more spectacular. This split in the kingdom with all its consequences could scarcely have been of divine planning. The purpose of the revolt was wholesome. If God were in charge of it, it is quite amazing and beyond all understanding that He did not guide a righteous revolt to a successful result.

One of the very interesting phases of the Old Testament Scriptures is the record of the people's conceptions of God. Every one should search the Scriptures with this in mind. It is indeed worth while. The result will not be a bit of idle knowledge, but an information that will enter into his own understanding of God, and lift the shades of much superstition. More light, richer life and a lovelier God will be the result of this investigation.

Incompetence

The people did well to revolt. They followed the best leader that was available. He had much to commend him, for Solomon had given him both honor and responsibility. He was "a man of valor" and was "industrious." Two very important and valuable qualities. He had spent a time in Egypt, where he learned much to equip him for a position of leadership.

But Jeroboam was not an empire builder. He did not know what to abandon and what to retain of the traditions of his race. Any wise man who understood Hebrew traditions and history would have known that without the God of Abraham and of Moses the Hebrew people would have been as ships without rigging or crew.

The movement to divide the children of Jacob was an unfortunate one. Israel was not a great people. It is seldom wise to divide anything. The revolutionists can usually revolve to better advantage inside than on the outside. Jeroboam was a reformer leading a revolt against a haughty and extravagant young egotist. But Rehoboam's fragment has survived, and Jeroboam's revolutionist five-sixths have perished from history if not from the earth.

The cause was good. The management was not good and division led the way to disaster. Jeroboam lost his chance. He exalted the economic issue and insisted upon separation. The spiritual values involved he did not see. He was incompetent. He led the people away from an evil on the surface of their lives into an evil that washed out their foundations.

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NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

Christ and the Road Builder

The man who works with the idea that he is doing it for the sake of his employer or for the sake of a living, has a pretty poor conception of life. He does not feel himself to be a part of the great universe, a cog in a great wheel of progress, a unit among many units, an individual taking his place in the plan of God for this world and the next. Such a man, of course, speaks of having to make a living. He never speaks of having to make a life, which honors man and glorifies God. If all men would take the large view of life which a certain English knapper possesses, we would enjoy every minute of our work. Accosted by a tourist, he said: "It is my task to break stone and to mend the road. Ways are trodden under foot—and so is he. Ways start where you are and lead where you would go—and so does he. To one who stops and thinks, road-mending is a Christlike trade. He lets himself be trodden under foot that we may get to our Father's house. He laid down his broken heart for all the world to trample on, so that we might draw near to God. He, therefore, asks nothing of us that he will not do himself." (*Dr. C. F. Dapp, in the Lutheran.*)

The Watchful, Waiting God

God loves. His will is for good. I know it. He has set His creation free. On the earth is man's will, hard, cruel, dominated by pride and greed—selfish. The will of God presses hard upon that selfish will of man. In great moments it prevails and man forgets self, and is glorious, then he slips back. God waits. I may teach youth to love Him for His patience that does not in disgust and anger utterly destroy. I may train youth so that Self grows weaker and the Will in them grows strong. I may call youth to lives of service for the good of all. I may challenge them valiantly to fight until they have rendered helpless those who for a selfish purpose exploit their fellows, body, mind and spirit. I may set their souls on fire with love for God and with the compassion for man that Jesus Christ revealed as he taught the ignorant, encouraged the disheartened, and healed all who had need. (*Margaret Slattery, in Association Men.*)

They Shall Shine as the Stars

Sometimes I try to turn off the great lights and look at the stars. A man is unable to hang a star in the sky but God can touch his heart and kindle him into a star. The ancients called it "the road to the palace of heaven;" we call it the Milky Way. The ancients were right, it is the road to the palace of heaven. It is tens of thousands of stars—Gideon's three hundred and Wycliffe's "poor priests" and the boys that died in the Argonne—a host on the road to the palace of heaven. When I look at the Milky Way I see a mighty host traveling, traveling. (*M. K. W. Heicher, in the Intelligencer.*)

The Evolution of Unity

We are just now at a stage in the slow process of declaring and making visible that unity of the Church of Christ, which the free churches, the bishops of the Anglican Church, and its daughter communions alike recognize, when the most pressing needs are enthusiasm, patience, courtesy and freedom of discussion. The Lambeth Council, composed of Episcopal bishops, took a long step forward in its frank assertion that differences, yes, even from their own point of view, irregularities of polity do not exclude from the fellowship of the Holy Catholic Church or destroy the fitness of other organizations than their own for use by God in His work among men. . . . We must prepare our thoughts to consider the convictions, yes, even the traditions of others. . . . Sooner or later our Lord's great prayer, "That they all may be one," will be answered. We can feel a breath of his purpose

blowing in our world to-day. We must help, if it be possible; we must certainly in no wise hinder the coming of that day of an accepted brotherhood and companionship in work and hope. (*The Congregationalist.*)

Giving Credit to Catholics.

It is to the credit of the Roman Catholic Church that much is being done to save delinquent boys and girls, fast on the road to criminal and immoral lives, from a fate that is worse than death. The courts in some of our large cities will testify to the efficacy of the work that is being done by this Church. They are thoroughly organized for such work as Protestants are not. They have "Big Brother" (and no doubt "Big Sister") societies to render vital and much needed service, and they have well-equipped institutions. Just why so little is being done by Protestants—and mostly in an individualistic, disorganized and superficial way—is puzzling not a few judges. (*The Lutheran.*)

Religion Transcends Its Forms

We may say that the fifty years that have marked the rise and fall of the German Empire have witnessed also the rise of the study of "comparative religion" to its present position. . . . It seems to be essential that the present relation of friendly tolerance between theology and comparative religion should merge into a deeper and more vital relationship. Each is concerned with the same all-important subject—religion. . . . We come to see through the study of comparative religion that religion is something more wonderful than we had before conceived. It is not a partial thing; it is universal. . . . Man everywhere has needs which surge up within him and drive him to God. So we come to see that man must have a religion. He is so made. Religion is not an accretion from without, it is a growth from within. The germ of religious life is in every man. . . . A religion may not be wholly true; it can not be wholly false. For religion is the reaching out of the human spirit after God, the quest to know Him and serve Him. That deep instinct has taken strange ways of expressing itself, as the history of religion shows us. But the instinct itself is true, however mistaken, unworthy, and degrading have been its manifestations. For the instinct is of God Himself. . . . For the truth is that the hard and fast division of religion into "true" and "false," occasions difficulties that are insurmountable. In the first place it implies unworthy views of God. If the non-Christian religions are wholly false, is there not here a very serious reflection on God and His providential government? . . . Such a view of God is, of course, intolerable. He is the God of the whole earth, the Father of all mankind. . . That purpose (God's) is never a purpose of favoritism, of blessing to some and rejection to others. . . . To put it otherwise, we dare not, with the Christian revelation behind us and with us of the universal and unconquerable love of God, try to put back the clock of time four thousand years and conceive of God as a tribal or national Deity. No sectional conception of God can be tolerated by those to whom the manifestation of God in the face of Jesus Christ has come. (*Rev. C. J. Wright, London, in the Homiletic Review.*)

Roman Catholic Efforts Recognized

The National Catholic War Council stresses four aspects of training for citizenship that are suggestive for Protestants. They are, first, the training of children in elementary principles of democratic government and in the privileges and obligations of citizenship in a democratic country; second, the training of immigrants in the workings of American government and the teaching of appreciation of the value of citizenship; third, the stimulation of the average citizen to be a better citizen; fourth, the emphasis upon religion as giving the motive power for the discharge of the obligations that go with citizenship. (*The Congregationalist.*)

Among Six Orthodox Arguments for Hell

Fourth, the main reason why the thought of hell is repulsive to men who even believe in retribution, is because of some very crude and materialistic conceptions and interpretations of those passages of Scripture that deal with the subject of hell. The word "fire" which is used in the Scriptures to picture its horrors, has been applied with unthinking literalness. In the dark Middle Ages, particularly, the grossest conceptions concerning it were current. The great poet Dante in his immortal description did not a little to fasten upon the Church a conception of hell that was as materialistic as it was frightful. Among ignorant and emotional people, this sort of teaching was much made use of. Naturally, in an age like ours where the sense of sin and the demand for retribution has become dulled, such a conception of hell must prove offensive. (*Editor's answer to "Inquirer" in the Lutheran.*)

Change and Exchange

This does not mean that you are to bore people with stale, dull, tiresome, uninspiring, ill-digested, and undigested theology. Truth does not change, but people do; ages do. There are frontiers of thought from generation to generation even as there are frontiers of countries. Ultimate values do not change; and yet, if I go from England to France I must get my money changed from English to French coin; and mind you, I shall do my best to see that in the exchange there is no loss to me. How stupid if I should refuse to change my coins out of a feeling of loyalty to the British Empire, and find myself in a small French village, with money that was perfectly good in England, but would not buy me an inch of spaghetti or a cup of coffee and a roll. Not otherwise is the stupidity of the priest who is mediating Catholic truth, but who will insist on using the cast of thought, or the expressions, or the verbiage, of a generation gone. (*Rev. George C. Stewart, D. D., in the Living Church.*)

Obtuse Christianity

In the old days the churches in Oriental countries were completely under the domination of the missionaries. This seemed like the only way to get on. Now the native Christians are serving notice on the missionaries in many sections that the control of the churches must be in native hands just as soon as those churches can provide the funds with which to carry on their own work. These churches will also insist upon their own terms of fellowship. It is almost impossible for Baptist and Disciples missionaries to make the poor benighted Hindu want to excommunicate his Christian brother for a wrong opinion about baptism. There is a similar obtuseness among Episcopal churches in India where the natives seem utterly incompetent to grasp how tremendously important it is to have a ministry that traces itself back to the apostles through an unbroken contactual succession. The truth is that the narrowness of our western Christianity will be wiped out in India and China and Japan within ten years after a native church becomes autonomous. They may even be sending missionaries to America after awhile to recall us to the loyalties and the points of emphasis that characterized New Testament Christianity. (*The Christian Century.*)

Discovering Christianity

The world will never be saved by the denominational Smiths or Joneses or Browns. It took everybody to win the war. Even some families that we never had much to do with were made glorious in 1917 by placing a gold star on their banner. Certain small denominations have shown the way in particular things. The Moravians can teach us something in missionary zeal. The Universalists have exhibited admirable courage in contending for their convictions. Covenanter Presbyterians may be wrong in some of their views and altogether too narrow, but they have developed some great saints in their midst. The Quakers shame us all with their achievements in benevolence and perhaps also in moral character. That state of mind which can see no virtue save in one particular household of faith misses much of the beauty of religion. The saints are not all of one denomination. . . . Sectarian pride would close our eyes to the beauty of holiness in the whole church of Christ. It takes a catholic spirited Christian to get that fellowship in the Church of Christ which is most rewarding. . . And the war against sin and spiritual blindness will some day be won not by a denominational family but by the whole united family of God. (*The Christian Century.*)

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the hum n test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

A PRAYER FOR DISARMAMENT

Lord God, on hurrying feet
At last the nations meet!
Breathless, the envoys sent
To this Divine event
Come with their wistful eyes.
Now has the world grown wise,
And ancient hates seem done;
Hushed are loud cannon and gun.
The earth awaits one word:
Peace for Thy people, Lord!

Lord, let us not go back
Through the long ruin and rack,
Through the sad bleeding years,
Crowded with death and tears.
If now the nations fail,
If Love should not prevail,
Ours be the guilt and shame
Who called upon Thy name
And faltered at the word:
Peace for Thy people, Lord!

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE OAK THAT LONGED TO GO TO SEA

THE Southeast Wind moved softly over the forest and whispered stories of the ocean to the trees.

"Is the ocean very beautiful?" asked the little oak tree.

"Very," was the answer. "It is sometimes clear blue and sometimes stormy green. Some days it is striped with huge breakers; and some days it is laced with white foam; it is full of brown seaweed and rainbow-colored fishes and delicate shells. I think it is even more lovely than the land," said the Southeast Wind.

"If I could only see the ocean!" sighed the little oak tree.

A squirrel that was scampering about in the branches of the little oak heard the sigh, and sat up on his hind legs and laughed a chuckling, chattering squirrel laugh.

"Listen, trees! Listen, animals! Listen, birds!" he cried. "Here is a tree that stands rooted deep in the earth and yet talks about going to sea!"

That seemed so funny to the squirrel that he went dashing from bough to bough, telling it to every one he met. So, in a little while, the whole forest had heard about the little oak that wanted to go to sea.

The shy little oak drooped with shame, but still it hugged its wish to its heart. Then, one night, a pine tree that grew near by whispered to it in the darkness.

"Little oak tree, do not mind their laughter," the pine tree said. "I too should like to see the ocean. I understand your longing very well."

Cheered and comforted, the oak tree lifted its head again.

"I know what I will do," it told the pine. "I will grow as big and tall as I possibly can. I will send my roots deep down into the earth, and perhaps—who knows?—some day I may be tall enough to look far away across the forest and see the ocean!"

"And I, too, will grow with all my might."

So there in the heart of the forest they pledged their friendship; and they grew stronger and stronger as the summer passed and other seasons came and went.

The little oak tree grew more and more sturdy all the time, and the pine tree grew straighter and taller. The winds touched their branches lovingly. The North Wind spoke of ice-covered lands where fur-clad animals wandered; the West Wind told of broad wheat fields and high mountains; the South Wind brought word of fruits and flowers and workers in far-off cotton fields. But the gentle Southeast Wind talked always of the blue, blue sea.

Sometimes woodcutters came into the forest; their axes rang and white chips flew like snow. The men would shout as a great tree swayed and then came crashing to the ground; afterwards they would take the tree away, and the trees that remained would wonder about it. The winds had told them that men used the trees for making houses to live in and barns and fences and other strange things.

One day when the oak was fully grown the woodcutters came singing into the forest with their axe and stood before it.

"We couldn't find a better one than this," they said. "So large and sturdy and strong!"

A moment later they were cutting the tree; their axes glittered in the bright morning sun, their song echoed through the wood.

The oak trembled from head to foot. "Alas!" it said to the pine. "My turn has come."

The pine stirred and whispered sadly in answer.

"Good-by, my friend!" the great oak called as it swayed and tottered toward the earth. "We have been happy here in our forest home. Good-by, forever!"

Before night the oak tree had been hauled away; the pine was left alone and desolate.

Time brought many more changes in the wood. One day the lonely pine tree saw the woodcutters coming again. "It is my turn now," it thought. But it did not greatly care.

One lovely April day the Southeast Wind came hurrying into the forest. "Listen," it said to the trees. "Yesterday I talked with two of your old comrades."

"Tell us, tell us!" the trees cried, and even the squirrels and the birds grew quiet to listen.

"Yesterday, as I passed over a beautiful harbor," murmured the wind, "I saw many white boats lying at anchor. All at once, as they rocked at my touch, I heard a voice that I knew: the voice of the oak tree that once stood here. I could see no trees except magnolias and palms; but I listened, and after a while I heard the voice again. It seemed to come from

a beautiful white-masted boat that lay near the shore, with the blue water lapping at its sides.

"'Southeast Wind,' said the voice, 'this is the oak tree calling. After the men took me away from the forest other men made me into a boat. I have reached the sea at last.'

"'Are you still lonely for your friend, the pine?' I asked. 'No,' came the answer, soft and clear. 'Do you see this tall mast, covered with snowy sails? That is the pine tree that grew beside me in the forest.' And so it was; the two friends have gone to sea together."

The Southeast Wind paused in its speaking.

"Oh," said the listening trees, "so after all, the queer little oak's dream came true!"

"Its dream came true," echoed the squirrels.

"Came true," trilled the birds.

And as the Southeast Wind moved gently out of the forest each separate tree there fell to dreaming for itself.—*Eleanor Fairchild Pearse, in Youth's Companion.*

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THE CLIFF DWELLERS

At last I have reached the ultimate humiliation and have come to take, temporarily at least, an apartment. Several weeks of martyrdom have passed already and as physicians who, for humanity's good, record the symptoms of the varying stages through which their illnesses progress, so, as dire warning, I set down the feel of these fetters and the irritancy of this encircling chain. And I am writing, bear in mind, of the prison at its best. This particular apartment building, chockful as a pigeon roost, occupies a front row. It is well located, well landlorded, well janitored and with a long waiting list [illegible] to do penance it can hardly be excelled. So mine is no particular grievance, and to lovers of prison life these apartments would make strong appeal.

All of which being premised, let me put the thing down in black and white with malice towards none and a charity that would even include my landlord. To begin, apartments, save the few "outsides"—in this case six out of fifty-four—are abysmally dark. To go into a bedroom at midday when the sun is clear-shining and to have to turn on the light to find fresh linen or a pair of shoes, to have even your luncheon by the lights of electricity, to bow in your "living-room" to the members of your own family under the illusion that they are new-come guests, is novel to a degree. Was it not in the temple of the Vestal Virgins a lamp swung whose light never went out? Well, if in this spooky apartment one does not feel that he is a vestal virgin, one feels, at least, that he has blundered into a vestal virgin's temple. Or is it a bit of the catacombs? And all this with the blessed sun spilling out its gold on the prairies and the hills!

But there is one alleviating reflection: if the dark of Egypt be here, a dark as close and as fine textured as a cheese, at least, there is little room for he dark to reign in. Her retinue must be small. She hasn't room enough in which even to wave her scepter. "Spacious apartments!" Yes, two bath rooms almost as large as a gymnasium, but the "seven rooms" besides with just the amplitudes of so many closets. One of these "palatial" rooms, the smallest, I confess, that I have converted into a "study," is exactly six feet wide and six feet three inches long! The only unoccupied inch of the room is the ceiling and I am minded to swing some book shelves from that. But, at least, it makes for economy in furnishings and necessitates the grace of exclusion. You must choose between a desk and a chair; you can not have both. If the piano comes in, the victrola goes out.

How arrange or rearrange one's thoughts in a never ceasing hubbub? How think in a bedlam? Already this morning the noisy entrance of the cook, the clatter of the grocer's wagon, the shrill cry of the huckster, the "spiel" of the postman, the "toot" of a down-town shop's "delivery," the hammering of the janitor in the basement, the shuffle of the paper-hangers overhead, the grind of the street cars, the patter of the passersby, with the sustained steady rumblings, slightly muffled, of a great city's life.

Here one must have regard to neighbors' ways. I have discovered that there is not a particle of use in going to bed until my unseen neighbors overhead are making ready for that same blissful rite. The staccato of a falling shoe just over you would disturb any but the seven sleepers and, alas! I am not initiated into that soporific fraternity. So I wait until all evidences of the nocturnal dissolings of my neighbors are no longer audible and then with a sort of involuntary apology to the cliff-fraternity who may be in turn disturbed by my carrying-on, prepare for my dreamless sleep. Sleep! Was that the house falling down? Oh, no, only the clatter of a hot-air falling out of the bed in the chamber above. Was that a fire alarm? Certainly not, just the telephone jingle across the hall. Tramp of armies on the community hall stairs? Wrong again, just the ascension of belated neighbors coming in after a dinner engagement, after the opera or the dance.

Shut with silence! One is almost minded to turn pagan. No good, though, to kick against the goads. The swish of the vacuum cleaner is now in my ears, but as well that as any other of the million varieties of sound to which all cliff dwellers are subjected. "Count your blessings, count them one by one"—and I count among the blessed "ones" this: not a victrola in any of these apartments. No jazz music at any rate, no nerve tearing recitations of "Uncle Josh." And then if, with growing years, there should come a little added dullness to the hearing, at least partial deafness would not be without its compensations.

Did I mention the absence of the victrola? There's another absence in these quite irreproachable apartments below! Can any man tell why? Discomfort, annoyance to other families? Well, what is one little baby cry in comparison with the Niagara of dissonances? Yet let but a single young wife in any apartment building follow the sacred instinct of motherhood and she would be evicted as if she had committed a crime! Yet I am very thankful for it. Cliff dwellings are no proper place for babies. I'm glad they are not here, not for the sake of the "other families," but for the sake of the babies. Babies should be bathed in sunlight! Baby feet should know the feel of earth. Baby lives should have the soft cradlings of the privacies as of mother arms.

No, I don't know any babies in these cliffs, don't know anybody as for that, save a few old time friends who are residing here, don't know even the names of the folks directly overhead. And this last is the strangest of all. Though all the while I hear them, know when they rise in the morning, when they sit down to breakfast, luncheon, dinner, know by the intimate sound of their bare-foot tread when they are making ready for bed, yet I [illegible] could discover by glancing at the letter racks in the lobby, but what's the use of knowing names if you do not know the folk who wear them?

To be frank, there is a sort of delicious mystery about it, and on the crowded downtown streets I often wonder as I look into strange face, "Is that my overhead neighbor?" Christian, and yet not know my neighbor! Is it a parable of Life?—*The Contributing Editor in the Christian Evangelist.*

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A principal of a city school discovered one day that in a certain room the blackboards had been defaced with chalk, desks had been marred, and their contents either taken or left scattered about. Investigation revealed the culprits—two six-year-old pupils, one of whom explained how they got into the room. "He bent over and I stood on his back and got hold of the window-sill; then I forced up the window with a chisel." "Where did you learn the trick?" asked the principal. "Oh, we saw them do it at the movies."—*Exchange.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Under the Maples. By John Burroughs. Frontispiece. $2.00.

Most of these essays were written in the hay-barn study, "looking out upon the maple woods of the old home farm, and under the maples at Riverby," and one day, with "the vision of dripping sap and crisp March days' playing constantly before his mind, he suddenly said, "I have it! We'll call it 'Under the Maples!' "

The titles are The Falling Leaves; The Pleasures of a Naturalist; The Flight of Birds; Bird Intimacies; A Midsummer Idyl; Near Views of Wild Life; With Roosevelt at Pine Knot; A Strenuous Holiday; Under Genial Skies; A Sheaf of Nature Notes; Ruminations; New Gleanings in Field and Wood.

The publication of this book comes just fifty years after Burroughs' first volume, Wake Robin,—a fruitful half-century; and we think of the author as very much at home in that Beautiful Country where he has gone, and eagerly exploring its wonders.

Romance to the Rescue. By Denis Mackail. $1.90.

David Lawrence, dining with his father before going to Oxford, is presented to Mrs. Cartwright, who might have been Mrs. Lawrence. The doctor declines her invitation to call, on plea of leaving for Switzerland, but David, being advised to stay away, of course takes the first opportunity to present himself at Number 35 of a London square, and is met by the astonishing remark, "There's a letter for you, I think, sir!"

Mrs. Cartwright, you see, has written a play, under the pen-name of David Lawrence, and by a blunder it has been submitted to her divorced husband, Leo Cartwright of the Thespian Theater, who has accepted it. Discovering a real David, she induces him to act as the author, but the secret is eventually revealed, and a reconciliation follows.

Mr. Brisk, of Brisk & John, would call this "a winner."

Life's Minor Collisions. By Frances and Gertrude Warner. $1.90.

"Collisions are measured by what they will smash. Potentially, all collisions are major. A slight blow will explode a bomb. But . . . most of us do not commonly carry dynamite through the busy sections of this life . . .

"All the chapters are for those kindred spirits who try to be easy to live with—and find it difficult."

Yes indeed, it is a large order to be easy to live with and preserve one's individuality and enjoyment; for all families and groups of people are put up in assorted packages!

The names of the chapters are Love's Minor Frictions; Boston Streets; To Horse; Wheels and How They Go Round; The Will to Boss; More to It than You'd Think; Trio Impetuoso; The Return of A. B. C.; Understanding the Healthy; Carving at Table; The Feeling of Irritation; and they are diverting essays, full of humor and humanity.

The Camp at Gravel Point. By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated. $1.75.

Girls of high school age will enjoy this story of girls who are seniors at Grant High, and Polly, who has a violent freshman crush on Martha Harding; a very popular girl.

There is pigtail day, and a stunt party, and a basketball game; and they organize a Girl Scout patrol and in the summer go a-camping at Gravel Point, where they have real adventures, such as running an impoverished jitney line to town when there is a railroad wreck, making jam to be sold for the hospital, saving a life, visiting a Dutch settlement, and a party at the end, to which the boys are invited.

More Tish. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. $1.75.

You remember Letitia Carberry, a spinster with a positive genius for extraordinary adventures? In this latest chronicle she proceeds to have more adventures, to the distress of her long-suffering nephew, Charlie Sands, and her contemporaries "Aggie" and "Lizzie," who bravely accompany her.

"The Cave on Thunder Cloud" tells of a walking tour undertaken with the aid of a donkey, which needed to be an elephant to convey their luggage, and how a missionary dime earned such an incredible sum that when turned in at the church it almost created a riot; "Tish Does Her Bit" enumerates war-time activities at home, in camp, and in Washington; and "Salvage" records the performances of the "Three Graces" in France, where they take such a prominent part in winning the war that they are decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*—there is a picture on the jacket of the French General kissing Tish!—and it is amusing nonsense for the blues or a spell of bad weather.

Philippa's Fortune. By Margarita Spaulding Gerry. $1.60.

Philippa Gale and her two chums Anne and Virginia, are having their usual Friday fudge party when Anne suddenly tells the girls' fortunes, and says that a dark man is going to bring Philippa a fortune. Unlike most of such predictions it comes true—for good fortune blesses the family after some dark and anxious days, and the story ends with a Christmas celebration full of beauty, joy and thankfulness.

Both boys and girls will like this bright, wholesome book, for Jeff Randolph, a motherless boy to whom Philippa is kind, plays quite a part in the Young Citizens Club, and Philippa is a charming heroine, of whom we shall hear more, also of her splendid big brother Bayard, her sister Doreen, and her wonderful father and mother, whom, if they had not belonged, she would have chosen.

Washington Close-Ups. By Edward G. Lowry. Illustrated. $3.00.

The author of these keen and humorous snapshots of over a score of Washington celebrities does not sign himself "The Gentleman with a Kodak," but boldly says, "I did it with my little hatchet."

Harding: The Great Emollient, and Coolidge: Foster-Child of Silence, are followed by Hughes: A Man of Substance, Johnson: A Herald with Trumpet, Hoover: The Friend of All Children, Bryan: Gayly the Troubadour, Wood: Our Lone Pro-Consul, Hays: A Human Flivver, Mellon: A Certain Rich Man, Lodge: The Very Best Butter, Sims: A First-class Sailor Man, Pershing: Beau Sabreur, 1921 Model, and so on; and last but by no means least, physically or otherwise, Taft: In Port at Last.

"It beats all what a change has come over the spirit and manners and disposition of this town since Mr. Harding came in. I don't know how long it will last. It is too idyllic to last forever. Partly this new manifestation of peace on earth, good-will to men is due to opening the White House gates, but mostly it is due to Mr. Harding himself."

The Willing Horse. By Ian Hay. $2.00.

Ian Hay has written a most attractive story, prefaced by a delicious address to the Reader, too long to reproduce here.

It is set in a Scottish village and begins with a house-party at Baronrigg, Tom Birnie's hospitable home. We go with them to church and while listening to good Dr. Chirnside's "confidential rumblings" observe Roy Birnie catch his first glimpse of Marjorie, daughter of Albert Clegg, who has bought Netherby. The romance is now on.

War bursts upon the little community, and Tom and Roy Birnie, Major Laing and Eric Bethune leave for the front; and Marjorie "burns her boats and enlists in the gallant sisterhood of those who are Really Trying to Help."

She acts for a time as Lord Eskerley's chauffeuse, works in a canteen and supports herself by appearing on the stage at night, for which her rigid, narrow-minded father, who should have been on tiptoe with pride, blots her out of the Family Bible!

Stirring events crowd at the front and at home, and Tom Birnie dies a glorious death; but at last the war is over and the story is real y just beginning.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 185 West Ninth Ave., Columbus, Ohio

FROM A FIELD SECRETARY'S DIARY

Two weeks of field work in the state of Maine have taught me many things of which, up to this time, I have been but partially aware. I knew, from experience, something of the natural beauty of the state in summer, but had yet to learn that winter, with its covering of snow and ice, could present a picture of equal charm.

I had heard of the splendid loyalty of the women, but I saw it in actual practise, in the preparation and carrying out of the annual fair or bazar which seemed to be in session in almost every church I visited. Indeed, interest seemed to center to such a degree upon this event that I rather feared for the outcome of a series of meetings which the state president of the W. U. M. S. had planned. But again a surprise was in store, for sewing was laid aside and attention turned to a missionary program with wonderful adaptability.

On Dec. 2 I met with a group of young women from the Old Town church and after a pleasant evening together they voted to organize a Clara Barton Guild. The next afternoon was spent in Bangor, and following the meeting plans for the organization of another Guild were discussed, the same to go into effect next month.

Sunday, Dec. 4, was divided equally between Pittsfield and Waterville. At both places it was a pleasure to meet the women of the Mission Circle and the girls of the Guilds and to present the work of the W. N. M. A. Meetings in Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta occupied Dec. 5 and 6, and on the 7th Congress Square Mission Circle invited the neighboring churches to a joint meeting, held at the church. A goodly number were present and a real missionary interest seemed to manifest itself on all sides. The possibility of organizing a Guild was taken up with a small group of girls later and again on Sunday during the Sunday school hours.

The Portland Association meeting, held in the Westbrook church, claimed my attention the next evening and the following was devoted to a group of girls from the All Souls Church in Woodfords. In Biddeford a Mission Circle and Clara Barton Guild have recently been organized and Sunday evening, Dec. 11, I met with the members, who already are planning worth while programs.

On Dec. 13 I journeyed to Livermore Falls. A heavy fall of snow, powdering trees and housetops alike, transformed the country into a bit of fairyland and the two hours ride was one long to be remembered. The first of a series of four institutes was held here, followed by similar meetings on the 14th, 15th and 16th at Brunswick, Augusta, and Dexter respectively.

It is impossible to record the results of this trip, for the influence of missionary meetings can never really be measured. However, as the work of the women's organization has been presented throughout the state I have been conscious each time of a genuine response and many have expressed a desire to have a larger share in carrying forward our missionary program. New members have been gained and eight new organizations, two Mission Circles and six Guilds, are in sight. A growing interest is apparent and the women of Maine may be counted upon, I am sure, to measure up to the missionary ideals to which they are pledged.

Susan M. Andrews.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston. Mass.

GO GET 'EM

In a small Nebraska town one Sunday school had two women's classes, whose combined membership was about fifty. There was the older women's class that had the distinction of never having missed a session in twenty years, and there was the Dorcas class, made up of younger married women, most of whom had been in that same class since they were girls together. In the same school there was one men's class, having about seven regular attendants, with perhaps a dozen other members who came "now and then" if it happened to be especially convenient.

Where were the rest of those fifty-odd husbands on Sunday? That is the question the class asked itself one Sunday morning when the two women's classes were out in full force. Hanging about the pool-rooms, the livery-barns, and the street corners, for the most part, was the general answer. What are we going to do about it, was the next question the class was asked. Go get 'em, was the answer.

One man was sent to the two women's classes with slips of paper and a pencil with the request that each woman write down the name of some man, or more than one if she wished, that should be in Sunday school but who was not now coming. From these slips the men's class made out a list of names to work from. Each man in the class took a list of names and promised faithfully to see what he could do. Faithful to their promise, the men visited pool-rooms, livery-stables, ball fields, and private homes, asking the men they met there to come to the Sunday school and join the men's class. To their surprise the men came in even larger numbers than they had anticipated. Men came who had never been inside a church, men came who had not been in a church since they were boys, old men, young men, and men with growing families who had been attending Sunday school for years "without father." A live man who spent hours of faithful study and earnest prayer on the lesson was selected as teacher. The class took up some practical social service work at once to enlist the services of every man in the class in one branch or another of the work. In one year the class grew to an enrollment of sixty members. When the church held a series of special evangelistic services in the winter twenty-nine of the men joined the church and seven more whose names were on the church books renewed their vows of loyalty to church and Sunday school.

The class-men did not confine their efforts to the men whose names had been handed to them by the women's class. Any man about town with whom any member of the class came in contact was invited to join the men's class. New members were set to work on their cronies. Before long there was hardly a man left in town not attending Sunday school elsewhere, who was not enrolled with this class.—*Jennie E. Stewart, in Sunday School Worker.*

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WHY I USE GRADED LESSONS

Because I can teach lessons that fit children, but I have no experience in making over those that do not.—*An Untrained Teacher.*

Because I will not waste time and energy working with poor material when good material is at hand.—*A Trained Teacher.*

Because I want as wise a choice of stories to tell in the church school as I make at home. Fancy telling "The Three Bears" to my twelve-year-old, or "The Story of Regulus" to my baby!—*A Mother.*

Because they are interesting.—*A Young Maid.*

Because it's the only sensible thing to do.—*An Old Maid.*

(*From the Pilgrim Teacher.*)

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THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD

Our friends want to know and want to know *now* all about the results of the Christmsa appeal for the Armenians. Their eagerness does them credit; but it will be weeks before we can give much information and months before we can make a complete report.

But we can say that present indications are good. Checks began to arrive early in December; requests for additional envelopes were numerous; promises to cooperate were general.

It is reasonable to expect the largest collection we ever have had.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 31-Jan. 1. All New England Get-together, Cambridge, Mass.

* *

ON THE TRAINING OF MINISTERS' WIVES

It was reported at the Massachusetts Y. P. C. U. Convention that one of the good ladies in Canton, N. Y., had remarked that the girls who are taking the Ministers' Assistant Course at St. Lawrence appeared to have selected the ministers they intended to assist. I have not been to Canton this year, and I can not confirm or deny this, but it occurs to me that, whether this is true or not, it would be a great forward step in church efficiency if there should be a training school for ministers' wives.

There is no other profession or occupation in which a man's success depends so largely upon his wife as it does in the ministry. When a young woman marries either a minister or a farmer, she marries her husband's work as well as himself. This is not to say that the wife of a physician or a hodcarrier may not be of real help in making her husband a success in his work, but in no other line of work is a man's wife of necessity so large a factor in his success or failure. So long as we continue the pernicious candidating system for selecting ministers, parishes would be wise to assume the additional expense of having the ministers' wives come with them when they make a candidating trip.

It is useless to attempt an enumeration of all the things these wives do in and for the church. Even those who are wise enough to refuse official positions such as the presidency of Ladies' Aid Societies, and so keep themselves free for work that no one but the minister's wife can do, find their hands more than full. Most of them have Sunday school classes, they work in the various women's organizations, they are expected to be present at nearly every parish function, they are sympathetic in their help in the Y. P. C. U. work, and in not a few instances they are acting as superintendents of Junior Unions. Besides all this, there are many parishes where the minister's wife is expected to accompany him on his calling trips, and there is a very evident disappointment if she does not. Wouldn't it be funny if physicians' wives were expected to do the same?

Most of them are glad to give this service. Not only because they happen to have married ministers, but because ministers are more likely to fall in love with that kind of girls, they are the sort who are interested in the work of the church, and are glad to give the same kind of voluntary service as do the other women of the church. And seeing and hearing more o the opportunities and needs than doe any one else, it is small wonder that, up to the limit of time and strength, and frequently beyond it, they give themselves freely in meeting them.

An increasing number of parishes are realizing the need of trained assistants of one sort or another. They may be secretaries; they may be directors of religious education; or they may be general all-around helpers, such as are being trained at St. Lawrence. And they are receiving salaries of from one to two thousand dollars a year for doing the same kind of work that every good minister's wife does without salary, although of course because of the salary they can devote their full time to it. What would happen in a parish business meeting if it were suggested that the minister's wife should receive a salary as his assistant for such service as she renders above that to be naturally expected of any lay worker in the church?

Also, what would happen if some one should propose offering a college course for those who wanted to prepare themselves to be ministers' wives? I never knew of but one girl who announced that she was going to marry a minister, meaning the profession as distinct from any individual in it. I believe she shaped her college course somewhat with this in mind. She did not marry a minister, which I think was a good thing for her and the minister and the church, but she had the right motive and point of view.

If there were some way, official or otherwise, collegiate or unorganized, to provide for the training of ministers' wives, would there be any guarantee that ministers or theologues would seek these ideally prepared helpmates? One of the divinity students at Lombard, who did not complete his course or do any preaching, once remarked that he did not believe in marrying for money, one ought to marry for love; but it was just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as with any other kind. I wonder if it would work that way in the case of the ministers. Would they fall in love with those who were prepared to be ministers' wives?

Judging by ninety per cent of the ministers in our Church, I am inclined to believe they would. Even at present it is the exceptional minister who falls in love with the wrong kind. Of course, some are better than others, but one who has the privilege of meeting many of them in their homes and churches knows that most of them were divinely ordained to marry ministers. But may the Lord pity the minister who marries the wrong kind, for no one else is likely to do so!

So here is a tribute of praise to the kindly, consecrated women, old and young and in between, to whom is due the credit for more of ministerial success than comes from any other source. Fortunate it is that the men they marry are usually of the same kindly consecrated sort, who are fairly easy to get along with,—but most of us have inherited much of that kindliness and consecration from our wives! Or if not that, it is likely that we would have lost much that we possess if it had not been for them.

By some synthetic process we might create a sort of theological Cupid who would make all necessary arrangements for the bringing together of young ministers and theological students with those young women who by temperament or training or both are fitted to become ministers' wives. However, the Director of Young People's Work desires it distinctly understood that he does not apply for the position.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 3.

For the Quiet Hour

"The faults we are hardest upon are those we are tempted to commit. We can never pardon another for yielding to temptations we have resisted."

"A great fortune is a splendid servitude," wrote Seneca, the great millionaire of the first century. In the twentieth century Carnegie expressed the same idea when he said of rich men, "At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life the money owns them."

Youth's Companion.

Not when we are determined, come what may, to have a pleasant and a happy life, not then, as the reward of that insistence, does God bestow the music of the heart. He gives it when there is forgetfulness of self, and the struggle to be true to what is highest, though the morning break without a glimpse of blue, and the path be through the valley of the shadow. The one sure way to miss the gift of happiness is to rise early and sit up late for it. To be bent at every cost on a good time, is the sure harbinger of dreary days. It is when we have the courage to forget all that, and to lift up our hearts to do the will of God, that, like a swallow flashing from the eaves, happiness glances out with glad surprise.

G. H. Morrison.

The saying that life consists not in what we have, but in what we are, is as true as the practise of making life consist not in what we are, but in what we have, is common.

H. P. Liddon.

Life is not mere continued existence. It is growth; it is progress; it is capacity to enjoy or to suffer. And material riches are of value only as they minister to that.

George Henry Hubbard.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Previously reported	4,691
Woodsville, N. H.	2
Kinston, N. C.	2
Feasterville, S. C.	1
Total	4,696

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 1,125. Clayton Memorial, S. C., 1. Total, 1,126.

Illinois

Stockton.—Rev. Lucy Markley, pastor. Japan Day was observed Nov. 27. The Sunday school offering, our pledge to Miss Kirk's salary, has been sent to headquarters. We raised our quota of $50 in the church service. The denominational loyalty of our young people is a hopeful sign. On Dec. 11, the twenty-second anniversary of the organization of the church was observed. Mrs. B. F. Simmons gave a paper on "Early Universalism in Stockton." Congratulatory messages were read from the living former pastors. A splendid sermon was given on "What Makes a Church." At the bazar and cafeteria just held by the Ladies' Aid $165 was cleared. The resignation of Miss Markley takes effect Christmas night, much to the regret of all. During her ministry many members and workers have been added to the church. With the help of the Mid-Western Superintendent, we are hoping to have a new minister soon, that the work may go on without interruption.

Elgin.—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. We enjoyed two splendid visits from general workers the week of Dec. 4. Dr. George E. Huntley was with us for a conference. The results of it are already apparent. Matsu Koyama of Tokyo spoke under the auspices of the Mission Circle to a group of our women. Everybody was delighted with her and with her message. The Circle has planned some unusually interesting work to begin the first of year.

Indiana

Logansport.—Rev. W. C. Holmes, pastor. Perhaps nothing has done more to increase the interest in our church than our moving picture program. Sunday afternoons there is a play for children, with a children's sermon after the picture, and in the evening there is a program for adults. Besides the morning devotional service and the Sunday school, which have greatly increased, from 550 to 750 attend these picture services. The church has become a community center. The Boy Scout Court of Honor of Logansport is to hold its next meeting here, as our machine can be used to put on the play "The Knights of the Square Table." The motion picture has made it possible for us to reach out as never before.

Maine

Woodfords.—Rev. Alfred S. Cole, pastor. The annual fair was held Dec. 1-2. A roast-beef supper was given the first night, followed by a performance of "The District School." The next night, a cafeteria supper was served, followed by a play given by the students of Westbrook Seminary, "The Suit of Livery."

Massachusetts

Everett.—Rev. R. H. McLaughlin, pastor. Following the custom of many years, at Thanksgiving time, bountiful dinners and supplies were sent to twenty-seven needy families, representing 130 individuals. Clothing and coal are also being distributed. After an interval of eighteen years without a fair, the Ladies' Social Circle decided the social life of the church demanded one and on Nov. 30 and Dec 1, all the people of the parish gathered together, making it a great success. Nearly $1100 was cleared. On Dec. 11 the morning congregation was nearly 300; 202 out of active membership of 229 at Sunday school and forty-six at Junior Union. In the evening a large number of young people attended the illustrated lecture by the pastor on the Life of Christ. The first of a series of grand concerts under the direction of the trustees was held Dec. 14.

North Adams.—Our people enjoyed a delightful evening on Dec. 2, when a missionary entertainment and shower for the school at Suffolk, Va., was held. Preparations had been going on for several weeks, and, in spite of a pouring rain, over sixty people gathered at the church. A program consisting of singing of Southern songs, and readings from the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, was given. Solos, "Mighty Lak a Rose" and "Ma Dusky Babe" were given by Mrs. Fred Eldridge and Mrs. Clyde Carley. A playlet, "Moral Suasion," was given by the young people and readings by Mrs. Cyrus Carley and Mrs. Helen Sheldon. Slides were shown illustrative of the work at Suffolk, which had been sent by the General Sunday School Association, and also pictures sent by Dr. Jordan. Then the whole company marched around singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and deposited their gifts. A barrel was filled with books, toys, games, dolls, and clothing, and quite a sum of money was contributed. All this will help make Christmas a happy time for our brothers and sisters of the negro race at Suffolk, Va. Best of all, it made us all happy at North Adams, and we went home with the resolve to do it again. We are sure that other churches might have just as good a time as we did and our missions might be greatly cheered. The newspapers gave us a good write-up and we are convinced that North Adams people have learned a great deal about our school at Suffolk.

Franklin.—Rev. Reignold E. Marvin, pastor. Our recent fair netted over $600. It was the most successful one-day fair for many years. Mr. Marvin recently preached a sermon on Dante. It brought forth much favorable comment and he has been asked to repeat it in several other churches.

New York

Fort Plain.—Rev. H. F. Moulton, pastor. We are planning for our twenty-fifth anniversary, Feb. 12, when Mr. Moulton will preach the anniversary sermon on "Some Important Changes in the Religious Thinking of Fort Plain during the Past Twenty-five Years." On Feb. 16, Rev. Leslie C. Nichols, of Utica, will preach, and on Feb. 19, Dr. Richard E. Sykes, of St. Lawrence University, will give the sermon in the morning, followed by a box lunch in the vestry, when letters from former pastors and out of town church members will be read. We would like letters from all former Fort Plain Universalists who read this notice. In the afternoon, Rev. G. Delbert Walker, D. D., State Superintendent, will preach.

Scipio.—Rev. John E. Price, pastor. During the absence of our minister this past summer, we did considerable repairing upon our building. The roof was shingled, and a new chimney was built from the ground up. The carpet was removed and the floor painted. Pews were moved to make room for the stove nearer the pulpit, linoleum was put upon pulpit and choir platforms and a new organ installed. The labor was done by men and women of the society, and the cash furnished mostly by the Ladies' Aid. The Christmas bazar this year was a reminder of old times, over $200 being received to date. We regret the loss of our former clerk and Sunday school superintendent, Mrs. Frank Wood, and the family. However, we feel very fortunate in the addition to our numbers of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt Marshall and family, formerly of our parish in Sherman, N. Y. Owing to bad roads and the scattered location of our families, we are closing our church for our annual winter vacation, but hope to open again early in the spring. Some of our people, who are on good roads leading to Auburn and who have cars, attend services there. We are expecting to maintain our Sunday school all winter in a schoolhouse located in a section where most of our people having children live.

Auburn.—Rev. John E. Price, pastor. The winter's program is well under way and our activities are many. The Ladies' Aid have held their annual bazar, receiving to date over $350. Much credit is due to the chairman, Mrs. D. B. Everett, and her

efficient helpers. The King's Daughters and Sons are holding a series of old-fashioned socials with square dancing in Murray Hall, the proceeds from which are used for local charities and boosting the church remodeling fund. The Comrades' Club recently gave a fine concert and moving picture, the proceeds going towards their moving picture machine, which is now nearly paid for. The Young People's Society held one of the most successful parties of the season and the younger young people recently enjoyed a modern dancing party. The proceeds were given toward the $30,000 remodeling fund. Our evening services have begun. The first night every pew was filled. The second night every Sunday school chair was used and then some stood up in the rear. This second night our thirty-six piece community orchestra, directed by Peter Kurtz, gave a fine concert as part of the program. In addition to the lectures secured from Dr. Rose of Newark, Mr. Price gives a ten minute sermonette each evening on "Developing Christian Character." Our evening service is unique. Oliver D. Powell has charge of the ushering, assisted by men from the Comrades Club. As the visitor enters the vestibule the sign greets him, "We are certainly *mighty glad you came.* You are welcome in any seat." The cheery lamps on the library tables along the outer edge of the auditorium make him feel the homelike warmth of the place, and the genial usher seats him in an armchair beside one of the tables. He picks up the *Universalist Leader* or *Empire State Universalist* and reads a few moments. There is an organ recital of ten minutes. Gradually the light diminishes, the silver screen becomes illuminated, and gems from literature begin to appear. After several of these the words of a hymn appear and the congregation sings. The minister then appears and reads the Scripture and makes a short address. Light floods the room, and music follows. Then, as the lights fade, save the table lamps, the lecture proper begins. On Saturday evening, Dec. 24, the Christmas carolers will sing at the homes of the shut-ins, returning to the church for a midnight service and the moving picture, "From the Manger to the Cross."

Lockport.—Rev. William J. Metz, pastor. Though we do not appear in these columns as frequently as we ought, perhaps, we are very much alive. The average attendance at church services is good and the sermons well received. Sunday school continues to show slow but steady growth with the teachers—particularly of the children—becoming more and more interested. The Ladies' Aid is happy and efficient. Its Christmas sale was a success. The Marian Auxiliary, our young ladies' group, bids fair to become one of our prominent organizations. Dr. George E. Huntley spent Sunday, Dec. 11, with us and made it a red letter day in our history.

Olcott.—Rev. William J. Metz, pastor. The emphasis of our work is upon the religious life. About the only social activities in which we engage are the bi-weekly meetings of the Ladies' Aid, which, after the business meeting, are distinctly social. The afternoon church services are fairly well attended and our Cheerful Sunday evening programs, with the aid of the stereopticon, are reaching an increasing number of people.

Middleville.—The Christmas pageant, "Bethlehem," will be staged as a community celebration in our church Christmas, Dec. 25. It is one of the biggest productions we have ever attempted. A special scenic background ten feet high and twenty-eight feet long will be used with special lighting effects. The cast will be dressed in oriental costumes. There will be a large choir assisted by soloists. The words and music of the pageant are written with the idea of presenting the story of the nativity with as much realism as possible.

North Carolina

Clinton.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. Representatives of six North Carolina churches organized here, Dec. 1, an association known as the Association of the Larger Hope, for the purpose of providing committees on publicity to aid in the circulation of pastoral letters and literature. Two hundred and fifty dollars was pledged for a Ford coupe for the use of the pastors. The association will meet at the Outlaws Bridge Church in January, and another session is planned for the summer.

Outlaws Bridge.—At a series of meetings beginning Dec. 12, the pastor gave five sermons, with the general title, "The Five Points of the Christmas Star." Lighting facilities have been improved by the installation of acetylene gas.

Red Hill.—A meeting was held Dec. 7, reviving the activity of the Mission Circle. At the afternoon conference and evening session there was a good audience.

Ohio

Kent.—Rev. Edward A. Lewis, pastor. Our annual election dinner was well patronized and brought us nearly one hundred dollars. Later in the month the Alliance held a rummage sale that netted nearly the same amount. Nov. 22 the Clara Barton Guild gave a delightful entertainment, exhibiting much musical and dramatic talent. Union Thanksgiving services were held at the Lutheran Church. Mr. Lewis is giving a course of Sunday evening lectures on "Religious Sects." He is also teaching two evenings a week in the Americanization School.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING

W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

A Public Meeting of the W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts was held at Grove Hall on Dec. 8. At the morning session messages were brought from Ferry Beach, Northfield and Detroit by Miss A. L. Barker, Mrs. G. A. Libby and Mrs. G. E. Leighton and on the Japan work by Mrs. C. H Pennoyer, State Chairman on Japan.

Miss Ruth Hersey, superintendent of the Bethany Union, spoke in its behalf. Rev. Fred C. Leining made an earnest plea for the missionary cause.

At the afternoon session Mrs. M. B. Wilkins presented her hopes and desires for the Clara Barton Memorial Home, and Rev. Percy H. Epler, D. D., author of the "Life of Clara Barton," gave a lecture on Clara Barton.

The music, which was greatly appreciated, consisted of violin solos by Mrs. Samuel T. Cushing, a vocal solo by Miss Izetta B. Holway, and an organ recital by William Z. Pett.

A. L. Barker,
Recording Secretary.

* *

Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfer issued by Vermont and Province of Quebec Universalist Convention to Rev. Judson P. Marvin has been accepted by our committee.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Clifford R. Stetson, having resigned as chairman and clerk of the Fellowship Committee of this Convention, because of removal from the Convention limits, Rev. George F. Fortier is hereby appointed chairman and secretary, *pro tempore,* until the next regular session of the Convention. Effective Dec. 31, 1921.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES MEETING

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Church of the Divine Paternity, NewYork, on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 16-17, 1922. All matters for the attention of the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Jan. 10, 1922.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

CONNECTICUT FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Connecticut Fellowship Committee has granted a letter of transfer to Rev. W. P. Farnsworth to the fellowship of the Massachusetts Convention.

Hal T. Kearns, Secretary.

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For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

Pat to Mike: "Did you hear that England was going to set Ireland free?"

Mike: "They are?"

Pat: "Yes."

Mike: "And we don't have to fight any longer for it?"

Pat: "No."

Mike: "Ain't that just like the dirty English?"—*Treat 'Em Square.*

* *

Mrs. M. had arrived at the little station in Vermont on a cold stormy evening and had hired an old man to drive her to her friend's farm up among the hills. The roads were in bad condition from the storm, and the ride was altogether a very uncomfortable one.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked on arriving at her destination.

"Well, ma'am," said the old man, "my reg'lar price is a dollar, but seein' as it's sech a bad night and the goin' so terrible, I'll call it seventy-five cents."—*Christian Register.*

* *

New Office Boy: "A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor: "What did you say to him?"

New Office Boy: "I told him I was sorry you weren't in."—*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

* *

Traveler: "It's a nuisance—these trains are always late."

Resourceful Conductor: "But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting-rooms if they were on time?"—*Numero (Turin).*

* *

Beginner (after repeated failure): "Funny game, golf."

Caddie: "Tain't meant to be."—*Punch (London).*

* *

Jonas has been to visit his son in America and on his return remarks: "They say that the sun rises six hours later in America than in Sweden, but I had to get up at the same time, anyhow."—*Strix, Stockholm.*

* *

George Bernard Shaw was lecturing in Dublin, and, as is his practise when talking to his compatriots, he began by finding the most uncomplimentary thing he could say. So he launched into an embittered tirade on the state of the children's teeth which he had noticed walking through the poorer quarters of the city.

"If you would devote the money to dentistry which you waste on reviving Irish, a dead language, it would do you more credit."

At this, the audience began to hiss and boo most vigorously. Shaw waited for a momentary lull in the storm and then retorted: "If you don't keep quiet I'll continue this lecture in Irish and then not one of you will understand a word of it." There was attentive silence from that moment.—*Current Opinion.*

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